

THE LAY OF
THE LAST
MINSTREL

SIR WALTER
SCOTT



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THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT

WITH A SHORT BIOGRAPHY BY

ANDREW LANG

AND

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY

FRED. W. TICKNER, M.A.

NEW IMPRESSION

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SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WALTER SCOTT, the great novelist and poet, was born in the narrow black street called College Wynd, in the old town of Edinburgh, on 15th August, 1771. On the ground where that street stood had been a house in which the husband of Mary Queen of Scots was murdered, more than two hundred years before the poet's birth. His father was a lawyer, of an ancient and noble family, descended from the Scotts of Harden, who were famous fighters and robbers on the Border, when Scotland and England were separate and unfriendly nations. The baby Walter was born also on a borderland of time and change. People were leaving the ancient and filthy lanes of the old town of Edinburgh for new streets in new quarters, and Scott's parents moved to the broad and airy George's Square, almost in the country. In other ways everything was changing. The Highland clans who fought in 1745 for Prince Charles and the exiled Royal Family of Scotland against the German Kings of England, the Georges, had become peaceful. As Scott grew up he knew many of the men who had been victorious in 1745, and were beaten at Culloden in 1746, and it was his joy to collect their old stories of battle and of adventure. Till he was eighteen months old he was a very strong child, but then a lameness fell on his right foot which never could be cured. He became a very strong man, could lift enormous weights, and was a bold or even rash rider, but he was always lame, and could not be a soldier in the great wars against Napoleon, which was what he wanted to be.

Scott's first memory of anything was of being at his grandfather's house, Sandy Knowe, beside the tall old tower of Smailholme, on a cliff above a little lake, near the Tweed. From this cliff you see over all the country which Scott made so famous: the three purple peaks of Eildon Hill, haunted by the Fairy Queen; the ruined abbey of Dryburgh, where he is buried; Melrose and its abbey; the plain where English and Scots had fought so many battles; in the south the blue Cheviot Hills, with England on the farther side; in the north the hills of Yarrow and Ettrick, where his ancestors had lived, fought and hidden the cattle they robbed out of England.

Here Scott, still a child of about three years old, heard from his grandfather the stories of the old fighting days, which he later put into his novels and poems; and he learned the ballads about battles, ghosts and fairies which the country people had made for themselves to sing in winter evenings. He had already learned to read, beginning with some ballads that had been printed. His nurse one day left him alone in the hills; a great thunderstorm came on, and the child was found lying alone on his back, clapping his hands at the flashes of lightning, and crying, "Bonny! bonny!" (Pretty! pretty!).

Before he was four Scott was taken to Bath for his health, and he thought that he first learned to read there, which is perhaps more likely. He returned to Edinburgh when he was six; a clever lady met him and said: "He has the most extraordinary genius for a boy I ever saw". He said that he was a "virtuoso". "What is a virtuoso?" said his aunt. "Don't you know, it is one who wishes to know, and will know everything." "Why don't you go out and play with these boys, Walter?" said somebody who found him reading. "You can't think how ignorant these boys are," said Walter, who already knew more than any of the grown-up people about the things he wanted to know about. But these things were stories and poetry, fights and fairies, giants, ladies, knights and dwarfs, not his school lessons. He got a pony

and rode over the hills, seeing the place where the Fairy Queen carried the wizard into Fairyland, and the field where his ancestors turned again on their enemies, the Kers, after a defeat, and all the other scenes which he made famous

But when he was sent to the High School at Edinburgh he was better at fights with the boys than at grammar, which, whether in Latin or English, he never, all his life, knew much about. He got to the top of his class when a question was asked that nobody else knew, and he fell from place to place when questions were asked that everybody knew except himself. When he got into a fight, he and the other boy fought *sitting*, because of his lameness, on benches opposite each other. He always fell asleep during sermons *advised* in church, but, when the boys were asked about the sermon, he answered best, for he remembered the text, and invented, out of his own head, what the preacher was bound to say. He was the story-teller of the school, making up, already, novels that never were written.

There was no cricket in Scotland at that time, and he was too lame for football, but he and a friend took long walks with books in their pockets, which they read among the hills. They learned Italian for the sake of the poetry and stories, and German for the same reason, but Scott utterly refused to learn Greek, for which he was sorry afterwards. Mr. Stevenson, the author of *Treasure Island*, was exactly like Scott in these things; both were clever, idle boys, who never worked except at what they were not expected to learn. Indeed, Scott's father, an honest man, said that he "would never be better than a gangrel scrapegut," which means "a wandering fiddler". When Scott was fifteen he entered his father's office as an apprentice. His business was to copy law papers, and as he wrote very fast, and worked very hard, he made a little money which he spent on books and on old things, swords and Highland dirks (or daggers) and engravings. Though he was so idle he could read Latin,

French, German, Italian, and Spanish, which he picked up in studying novels, and histories, and poems in these languages. His handwriting was very small and close. If you look at the written copy of one of his novels, made to be printed from, you see that one of the pages makes five pages of the printed book; and you also see that he never stopped to make any corrections or improvements, he just wrote straight on. Shakespeare was said by the actors to work in the same way: it is not certain about Shakespeare, but it is true about Scott. When he was fifteen he met the poet Burns at a party. Burns asked who wrote a piece of poetry printed on the margin of an engraving. None of the learned people who were there knew, but of course Scott did, and whispered it to a friend who told Burns. They never met again. The extraordinary thing is that the name of the author of the poetry is printed under the lines, for I have the engraving.

Scott now studied Law at the College of Edinburgh, which is partly built on the ground where stood the house in which he was born. "You may take him for a poor lamiter" (lame man), said a naval officer who knew him, "but he is the first to begin a row, and the last to end it." He was then a big untidy lad, in corduroy trousers, and was called "Colonel Grogg".

But now Scott fell in love at first sight with a young lady to whom he lent his umbrella on a wet day. Her father was a much richer man than his father, and in a different class of life, though not born of more famous ancestors. Being in love, Scott became tidy and polite, dressed well, went to parties, wrote poetry, and made many friends, including dukes and duchesses. For some reason he was not fortunate enough to marry this lady. "She was more like an angel than a woman," says a person who knew her well. For years Scott was very unhappy, though he did not say anything about it. He always dreamed of this lady before any misfortune came to him. In his poems and novels you see places in which he has been

thinking of her: she is the heroine of one poem, *Rokeby*, and one novel, *Redgauntlet*. When he was old and weak, he sat at the foot of the tall ancient tower of St. Rules, at St. Andrews, and thought of how he had cut her name in *Runic* letters on the turf there, when he was young. ("Runic" is the kind of alphabet used by the old Danes, who gave the English so much trouble in early times.)

This love affair was the great sorrow of Scott's life, but he bore it like a man; he worked at his studies (at last!), and became an "advocate," as the Scots call a barrister. He made long journeys into the country on the border of Scotland and England, collecting the ballads which the people made for themselves four hundred years ago; and he went into the Highlands, where the men who fought for Prince Charlie lived, and everywhere he made friends, and gathered old stories. His first book was one of translations from German poems about ghosts, his next a translation of a German play. In 1797 he met a pretty, merry girl of French birth, Miss Charpentier, and married her. He said: "There is no *romance* in her composition"; she did not care much about the old stories of which he was so fond. But she was "jolly," and they now lived very happily in Edinburgh, and, in summer, at a cottage in the country. In 1802 Scott published the old songs he had picked up, with some of his own, and with essays on the old times. The book is called *The Border Minstrelsy*, and became famous. Of Scott's own pieces, "The Eve of St. John" is the best; the scene where the ghost burns the lady's hand is Smailholme Tower, beside the house where he lived when he was three years old, and laughed at the lightning.

Scott now began the first, and the best, of his longer poems, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. It was written in a new, lively and irregular metre, invented by the poet Coleridge, in *Christabel*.

Coleridge never finished that poem, and did not publish the

part he had written till twelve years later. But Scott heard a friend repeat part of it, and he never forgot what he had heard. Once he was fishing in the Tweed at night with James Hogg, a shepherd and a poet. They had to wait for some of their fishing things, and Scott said: "Jamie, repeat that poem of yours that you once read to me". The shepherd could not remember it, so Scott recited the whole long ballad, which he had only heard once.

In the same way the metre of part of *Christabel* remained in his mind, and in that, with changes, he wrote *The Lay*. It is all about the witches and warriors of old times, and the famous wizard, Michael Scott, who split by magic the hill of Eildon into its three peaks. The heroes were real people of Scott's own family, in the time of Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary, but they are mixed up with a mischievous fairy boy, the Goblin Page, and with Michael Scott's book of magic, buried in his grave in Melrose Abbey.

For a great many years poetry had been what you may call very dull stuff, very prim and moral, and this poem was a new thing, most exciting to read, and very beautiful. Scott at once was famous, and in money he got £669 9s. Unluckily about this time Scott became, secretly, a partner of two boys with whom he had been at school in the business of printing; later they not only *printed* books for publishers, but *published* them. It was not allowed to advocates to be partners in any business, but the business, as it was concerned with books, amused Scott. He would publish books about things, old things, which interested him, but for which few other people cared. The result of all this was that Scott was constantly losing money, and getting mixed up in trade affairs, and promises to pay. He had plenty to live on, for he held two well-paid legal positions, and soon began to make thousands of pounds by his poems, and, after 1814, by his novels. But partly he lost it in the business of his school friends and partly he spent it

in buying an estate on the Tweed, and building Abbotsford, and purchasing expensive old books, pictures and curious things, and on asking everybody to stay with him. He enjoyed himself very much, and made himself the best-liked man in all Scotland, for he talked to shepherds and labourers and everybody, "as if they had been his own blood relations," and he found work and money for poor people in hard times, and always had money for everybody in distress. But the end of all this was that, twenty years after he wrote *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, when Scott thought himself very rich, he found himself ruined. There was nobody to pay a huge debt but Scott, and he died of working to do it, writing, writing, all day long, at histories and novels, till his brain broke. But his debts were paid.

All these miseries happened long after the time when he first became famous, but the beginning of them all was just at that time, when Scott was about thirty, and took a part in the business of printing. From that hour anxiety was with him, and ruin was only waiting for its chance.

It was now that Scott, in 1805, began a novel in prose, *Waverley*, but he put it away in a drawer, and forgot all about it. He was writing poems and essays, and drilling with the volunteer cavalry, for Napoleon was overrunning Europe, and had a camp opposite Folkestone, from which he meant to invade our country. There were neither railways nor electric telegraphs then, but piles of wood were set up along the coasts to be lighted for a warning if the French landed. One day Scott was with his wife at a place near Carlisle, when news came that one of these warning fires, or "beacons," had been lighted, and on every height above the sea the flames were blazing. The country and towns of the south of Scotland sent out their armed men, who rode or marched to Dalkeith, the Duke of Buccleuch's house near Edinburgh. They meant to send their wives and children and cattle up into the hills and burn their towns, so that the

French might not find food or shelter. My own grandfather, whom Scott knew, was in Edinburgh, away from home, but his mother, who was a widow, sent his horse and sword to the meeting place, "for," she said to Scott, "I would rather see him dead than a horse's length behind the best". Scott himself mounted as soon as he heard the news, and rode a hundred miles in twenty-four hours, meeting the men of Ettrick Forest. On the road he made a poem; he never was happier than at the chance of a fight. But the beacon had been lighted by accident, and after Nelson won the battle of Trafalgar, Napoleon broke up his camp, and went to win Austerlitz against the Austrians.

I can only mention the books that Scott wrote in the following years, such as the poem of *Marmion*, one of his best; the description of the battle of Flodden, where the English defeated the Scots and killed King James, is the finest battle in British poetry. Scott now lived in summer at Ashiestiel, a beautiful place on the Tweed, where there was no bridge, so that he had the pleasure of riding across the flooded ford at the risk of his life. He was sheriff, or chief magistrate, of Selkirkshire, also known as the Forest of Ettrick, and he rode across the hills, composing *Marmion*, on his way to sit as judge at Selkirk. His next poem was *The Lady of the Lake*, about adventures of King James V. (about 1530) in the Highlands. This, like *Marmion*, was a splendid success, and all the world flocked into the Highlands, which previously had been little known to English people. Now Scott bought his estate, which was to be so ruinous to him. He gave fancy prices for poor lands, because they were the scenes of old battles or fairy tales, and he began to build his house, Abbotsford, which is not large, but was terribly expensive. He entertained people who crowded to see him, and spent his money before he got it. His poem of *Rokeby* was about the wars against Charles I. in England, and was not so much liked as his Scottish poems. Besides Lord

Byron now wrote *Childe Harold*, and all the world went wild about the new poet.

But Scott had another string to his bow. When hunting in a drawer for fly-hooks to fish with, he found the beginning part of a novel in prose, *Waverley*, which he had thrown aside in 1805 and 1810 and forgotten. It was now 1814, the month was June. Some very young men were dining together in Edinburgh; one of them was Lockhart, who later married Scott's daughter, Sophia, and wrote his *Life*. From their table they saw into a room in a neighbouring house; what they saw was the hand of a man writing, writing, finishing page after page, and throwing it aside. Candles were brought, and still the hand wrote on and on. One of the young men knew that it was the hand of Walter Scott. He wrote the two last volumes of *Waverley* in three weeks, sent them to the printer and went on a cruise round the coasts of Scotland. He did not publish his name as the author of *Waverley*, and when he returned from his tour in the North he found that an unknown person, the author of *Waverley*, was famous. For some reason he never did admit that he was the author of this and his other novels, till, eleven years later, when the truth was certain to be discovered, in the examining into the affairs of his printing company. People guessed from the very first that he must have written *Waverley*, and about twenty persons knew for certain, but they all kept the secret. The secret amused Scott, for all sorts of absurd guesses were made in his hearing, and though there was perfect proof in a passage of *Rob Roy* that he was the author, nobody noticed it till a few years ago.

At that time not many novels were written, and no good novels, except those of Scott's friend, Miss Edgeworth, about the characters and ways of the Irish. Scott thought he could make as much of the ways and characters of his own people of Scotland; and he also could tell of the old times that he knew so well. Thus almost all of his novels are

“historical,” and speak of times long past, times of Prince Charlie (1745-60), of Queen Mary (1568), of Charles II. (1670-80), of Queen Elizabeth (1558-1603), of Richard I. (about 1195), of James I. (1604-24), of Louis XI. of France (about 1475), and so on. The author knew the Scots of every rank in life thoroughly well, and to him the famous people of history were like living friends, and he made them come to life again in his books. Many writers everywhere, in France, Germany, and England, have imitated Scott in writing novels about historical events and persons, but none has ever done it so well, except Alexandre Dumas, in French, the author of *The Three Musketeers*. Nobody at all has come near Scott in drawing Scottish characters, whether barons and ladies, or gardeners and ploughmen. There are hundreds of men and women of his invention, from Claverhouse the cavalier to the Glasgow magistrate, or the lawyer Macwheeble, or James I.; or the old Covenanter, Davie Deans, or the thief Ratcliffe, whom we know as well as if we met them every day.

In this power of making fancied personages real, Scott comes nearest to Shakespeare. It is true that his hero and heroine are not usually very interesting. They fall in love, go through dangers, and marry happily. But they are only points about which the story moves; scores of other characters surround them, and are much more alive than they are. Thus in *Waverley* Scott had the lowest opinion of his hero, Edward Waverley, a brave, handsome, undecided young man, not very clever, who takes the side of Prince Charles for love of one lady, and marries another, an innocent, pretty, harmless little lass, who has fallen in love with him. It is the other people, Fergus MacIvor and his Highlanders; the brave, loyal, old-fashioned Baron Bradwardine; the tipsy laird, Balmawhapple; the silly, noisy Gilfillan; Prince Charles himself, gallant, beautiful, and doomed to misfortune, who make the story interesting. The only heroines whom we

care much about are Diana Vernon in *Rob Roy*, so much of a boy, and so beautiful and loyal a woman; Rebecca in *Ivanhoe*, and Catherine Seton in *The Abbot*. Scott's old women are much more excellent than his girls; and he writes just as little as he can about love-making. The exception is Jeanie Deans, a country girl, rather good than pretty, and she is his masterpiece.

His best novels are about Scotland, and of these the best are *Waverley*, *Old Mortality* (about the Covenanters and Claverhouse), *The Heart of Midlothian*, *The Antiquary* (a story of his own times) and *Guy Mannering*. Next come *The Fortunes of Nigel* (a Scot in London at the Court of James I.), and *Quentin Durward* (a Scot in France at the Court of Louis XI.). Most boys like *Ivanhoe* best, a novel about Richard Cœur de Lion, Robin Hood and Friar Tuck; and *The Talisman*, the story of a Scottish knight in the Crusades, is also very popular. But where are we to stop? We cannot be happy without the fighting blacksmith and the cowardly Highland chief in *The Fair Maid of Perth*, and Queen Elizabeth and Amy Robsart in *Kenilworth*, and Charles II. as a lad, and Oliver Cromwell in *Woodstock*, and Minna and Brenda in *The Pirate*; nor can we overlook little tales like "The Highland Widow" and "Wandering Willy's Tale" in *Redgauntlet* (which is certainly one of the best in the whole family), and *The Tapestry Chamber*, a terrible little ghost story; and then there is *The Bride of Lammermoor*, the most tragical of them all. In these *Waverley* novels and Shakespeare's plays you could be happy, as far as reading goes, on a desert island.

The drawbacks of the novels are that there is occasionally a dull beginning, about history; that the grammar is not always what you can recommend to a friend, and that characters, especially meant to be comic, are apt to grow tedious. If I might advise a boy or girl, I would say: "Skip what you find dull, or cannot understand, and read what you

find interesting". Later, other passages will interest you, and the older you grow the more you will find to admire, and the more you will fall in love with Walter Scott.

It is not to be thought that all the history is correct. Scott took great liberties in spinning his stories, but the point is that the people themselves are all real, behaving and talking just as they did behave and talk. When you read history, if ever you do, you will soon find out what things in the novels did not happen, or could not happen, but the life of the men and women you learn from Scott.

He only wrote one long poem after the success of *Waverley*, that was *The Lord of the Isles*, about the adventures of Robert Bruce. People liked the novels better, and he wrote, on an average, two a year. He was created a baronet, Sir Walter Scott, and was the best liked and most honoured man in the country. Then came the bankruptcy in 1825-26, and five years of eternal hard work at novels, essays, a history of Napoleon, anything to pay his debts and clear his honour. His brain gave way, he had apoplexy, but he worked on, and, even when he went abroad for his health, in 1832, he must still write—a novel called *The Knights of Malta*. But the busy hand and brain were tired out; the handwriting is different, but the pages are still filled in the old way. The book will never be published. In Italy and at Rome, the scenes of old Roman history did not interest him; he went and stood by the graves of our exiled Princes, James, Charles, and Henry, the descendants of the old Royal Family of Scotland.

Then he grew worse, and was hurried home. He was glad to see his dogs, and the hills, and the dear water of the Tweed, and the faces of his friends. He said to Lockhart, his son-in-law: "My dear, be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here. . . . God bless you all." These were his latest recorded words, though it is said that he asked to be lifted up to see the Tweed once more.

He died on 21st September, 1832, and was buried, with the sorrow of the whole country, in the beautiful ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, where Lockhart now lies at his feet, and the murmur of the Tweed is never still.

There he had always wished to sleep.

Sir Walter Scott wrote many volumes of which nothing has been said here; for example, the delightful *Tales of a Grandfather* about the history of Scotland, a great number of essays, and notes on other authors, such as Swift and Dryden. He never wrote a word that on his death-bed he would have wished to blot out. He gave more happiness to more readers than kings or statesmen can bestow on the world. Dogs and horses were all fond of him, and a hen and a pig used to run after him for friendship! He was the most generous of men; in his misfortunes, having no money to give to a needy person, he actually wrote, without signing his name, some sermons which brought money for the sufferer. He was so far from vain that he thought his children should not read his poetry, though he owned that it was only intended for "young people of spirit". Among his very best verses are the little songs and ballads which were sung by the characters in his novels, such as "Proud Maisie," "The Battle of Harlaw" and "Bonny Dundee". He never wrote anything about the mysterious problems of human life and destiny; it was not that he did not think about them, but his conclusion was, "My dear, be a good man".

INTRODUCTION.

LIFE on the Scottish borderland in the days of the Tudors consisted of almost constant warfare. On the one hand were raids and reprisals between English and Scots, and on the other deadly feuds between rival clans, which were often more productive of bloodshed than the raids themselves.

Thus the inhabitants of Branksome Hall, the scene of our story, kept constant watch and ward lest the English should attack them; while the feud of its possessors, the Scotts of Buccleuch, with the Carrs of Cessford, had left the Ladye of Branksome a widow by the murder of her husband in the streets of Edinburgh. The love of her daughter Margaret, "the fairest maid of Teviotdale," for Lord Cranstoun, a partisan of the Carrs, added still further to the Ladye's troubles, for she was anxious to continue the feud and avenge her husband's death.

When our story opens she is striving, by the aid of her skill in magic, to discover some means of preventing her daughter's marriage. Although she overhears the Mountain Spirit declare to the Spirit of the Flood that no kind influences can come to Branksome

"Till pride be quell'd, and love be free,"

yet with obstinate pride she determines to continue her resistance, and in pursuit of this purpose despatches one of her retainers, William of Deloraine "a stark, moss-trooping Scott," to Melrose Abbey to obtain from the tomb of the famous wizard, Michael Scott, a book of magic to help her in her efforts.

Deloraine safely accomplishes the journey. He reaches Melrose at midnight and is taken to the monk of St. Mary's Aisle, who had in his younger days been a soldier and a friend of Michael Scott. The monk is greatly disturbed when he hears the purpose of Deloraine's visit, but conducts him through the abbey to Michael's tomb, where he narrates to him the circumstances of the wizard's death and burial. The clock tolls the hour of one, and Deloraine with difficulty succeeds in moving away the massy stone which covers the tomb, and the Mighty Book

With iron clasp'd, and with iron bound,"

is taken from the dead man's hand. Then the tomb is closed again, and Knight and Priest retire "with wavering steps and dizzy brain". As they pass through the aisles strange noises are heard, "as if the fiends kept holiday," and Deloraine does not breathe freely until he reaches the open air once more, and starts back to Branksome.

Meanwhile Margaret has hurried out stealthily at day-break to meet Cranstoun in the greenwood. Her lover is accompanied by his Goblin Page, a dwarf whom he had found in Reedsdale glens while hunting there, and who now served him well. As they sit talking together, the noise of an approaching horseman causes them to separate. This horseman is none other than Deloraine, returned in weary plight from Melrose. He engages in combat with Cranstoun, but, wearied by the events of the preceding night, is thrown from his horse and wounded severely in the breast. Cranstoun, in pity for "the kinsman of the maid he loved," bids the dwarf attend to Deloraine's wound and convey him safely to Branksome. In searching for the wound the dwarf discovers the book, and after some trouble succeeds in opening it, and commences to examine its contents. He has, however, only time to read one short spell, by means of which he is afterwards able to cause persons to assume any appearance

he desires, when a buffet on the cheek stretches him on the plain. He makes no further attempt to read the book, but, concealing it under his cloak, takes Deloraine to Branksome and leaves him on the threshold of the Ladye's chamber. As he goes from the castle he lures away with him the young heir of Branksome, whom he leaves in the woods, returning himself to the castle in the boy's form and causing much trouble by his mischievous tricks. The boy is captured by two English yeomen and taken to their leaders, Dacre and Howard, who are marching on Branksome to demand the surrender of Deloraine for past misdeeds.

The beacon fires announce their approach to the inhabitants, and active preparations are made to defend Branksome against them, and, as the vassals and allies of the Scotts collect in the castle, the Ladye calls with pride for her youthful son that he may be able to "know his father's friend, and learn to face his foes".

The dwarf, afraid of the Ladye and her powers of magic, counterfeits fear, and she sends him away from the Castle under the care of a trusty servant named Watt Tinlinn. In crossing a stream of running water the dwarf changes to his own form again and runs away, but not before Tinlinn has pierced his shoulder with an arrow.

The English lords and their forces soon appear before Branksome, and demand the surrender of Deloraine and the admittance of an English garrison within the castle; unless this is granted, they threaten to storm Branksome and take the young Buccleuch to London to be King Edward's page. The Ladye replies with defiant message, and the struggle is about to commence when a horseman announces to the English lords that their retreat is cut off by the Scots of the middle Border, who are close at hand marching to aid Branksome. They, therefore, agree to a single combat between Deloraine, or a champion in his stead, and his accuser Musgrave, the boy to be freed or kept prisoner according to

the issue of the contest. The combat is appointed for the following morning, and Scots and English spend the rest of the day in feasting and revelry.

On the morrow, Margaret, who has risen early, is terrified at seeing her lover walking fearlessly through the inner court of the castle. He is, however, quite safe from recognition, as the dwarf, by virtue of the spell he has learned, has made him assume the appearance of an ally of the Scotts, and he is, therefore, able to reach her in safety.

Preparations are now made for the combat, and while two of the Ladye's retainers are disputing as to which shall fight as Deloraine's champion, the Knight himself, apparently strong and free from pain, appears in full armour and claims the combat for himself.

A long and desperate contest has just ended in the defeat and death of Musgrave, when a "half-naked, ghastly man" runs down from the castle and is at once recognised as William of Deloraine. The victor in the combat proves to be Lord Cranstoun, who has thus restored her son to the Ladye of Branksome, and is rewarded by the gift of Margaret's hand.

The spousal rites are duly celebrated at Branksome with great magnificence, and are followed by a feast, at which the Goblin Page rouses debate and jealousy which the Ladye strives to allay by the songs of the minstrels. Entranced by the sweetness of the lays, the guests scarcely notice a peculiar darkness which enshrouds the hall, although it is still afternoon. The darkness deepens until each guest can scarcely see his neighbour's face, and all are filled with fear and horror, while the Ladye and the elvish page recognise its magical origin. Suddenly through the darkness comes a flash of lightning, which breaks "with thunder loud and long" upon the page, and when it has ended the dwarf has disappeared and is seen no more. All the guests are filled with terror, but none is so dismayed as William of Deloraine,

who has seen in the flash the form of the wizard Michael Scott.

The Ladye of Branksome renounces for ever the aid of magic, while the guests call on their patron saints to witness that they will make a pilgrimage to Melrose to pray for the welfare of Michael's soul, and the poem then closes with a description of the visit of these pilgrims to Melrose Abbey.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

INTRODUCTION.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old ;
His wither'd cheek, and tresses grey,
Seem'd to have known a better day ;
The harp, his sole remaining joy, 5
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the Bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry ;
For, well-a-day ! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead ; 10
And he, neglected and oppress'd,
Wish'd to be with them, and at rest.
No more on prancing palfrey borne,
He caroll'd, light as lark at morn ;
No longer courted and caress'd, 15
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He pour'd to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay :
Old times were changed, old manners gone ;
A stranger fill'd the Stuarts' throne ; 20
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering Harper, scorn'd and poor,
He begg'd his bread from door to door,

And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp, a king had loved to hear. *up to here*

He pass'd where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower :
(The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye— 5
No humbler resting-place was nigh :
With hesitating step, at last,
The embattled portal arch he pass'd,
Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
Had oft roll'd back the tide of war, 10
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.
The Duchess mark'd his weary pace,
His timid mien, and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell, 15
That they should tend the old man well :
For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree ;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb ! ✓ 20

When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified,
Began to rise his minstrel pride ;
And he began to talk anon,
Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone, 25
And of Earl Walter, rest him, God !
A braver ne'er to battle rode ;
And how full many a tale he knew,
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch ;
And, would the noble Duchess deign 30
To listen to an old man's strain,
Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,
He thought even yet, the sooth to speak.

That, if she loved the harp to hear,
 He could make music to her ear. *up to here*

The humble boon was soon obtain'd ;
 The Aged Minstrel audience gain'd.
 But, when he reach'd the room of state, 5
 Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
 Perchance he wish'd his boon denied :
 For, when to tune his harp he tried,
 His trembling hand had lost the ease,
 Which marks security to please ; 10
 And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
 Came wildering o'er his aged brain—
 He tried to tune his harp in vain !
 The pitying Duchess praised its chime,
 And gave him heart, and gave him time. 15
 Till every string's according glee
 Was blended into harmony.
 And then, he said, he would full fain
 He could recall an ancient strain,
 He never thought to sing again. 20
 It was not framed for village churls,
 But for high dames and mighty earls ;
 He had played it to King Charles the good,
 When he kept court in Holyrood ;
 And much he wish'd, yet fear'd, to try 25
 The long-forgotten melody.
 Amid the strings his fingers stray'd,
 And an uncertain warbling made,
 And oft he shook his hoary head.
 But when he caught the measure wild, 30
 The old man raised his face, and smiled ;
 And lighten'd up his faded eye,
 With all a poet's ecstasy ! *Chapter*
 In varying cadence, soft or strong,

He swept the sounding chords along :
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot :
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost ;
Each blank, in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied ;
And, while his harp responsive rung,
Twas thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung.

CANTO FIRST.

I.

THE feast was over in Branksome tower,
And the Ladye had gone to her secret bower ;
Her bower that was guarded by word and by spell,
Deadly to hear, and deadly to tell—
Jesu Maria, shield us well !
No living wight, save the Ladye alone,
Had dared to cross the threshold stone.

5

II.

The tables were drawn, it was idlesse all ;
Knight, and page, and household squire,
Loiter'd through the lofty hall,
Or crowded round the ample fire :
The stag-hounds, weary with the chase,
Lay stretch'd upon the rushy floor,
And urged, in dreams, the forest race,
From Teviot-stone to Eskdale-moor.

10

15

III.

Nine-and-twenty knights of fame
Hung their shields in Branksome Hall ;
Nine-and-twenty squires of name
Brought them their steeds to bower from stall ;
Nine-and-twenty yeomen tall
Waited, duteous, on them all :
They were all knights of mettle true,
Kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch,

20

IV.

Ten of them were sheathed in steel,
With belted sword, and spur on heel:
They quitted not their harness bright,
Neither by day, nor yet by night:
 They lay down to rest, 5
 With corslet laced,
Pillow'd on buckler cold and hard;
 They carv'd at the meal
 With gloves of steel,
And they drank the red wine through the helmet barr'd. 10

V.

Ten squires, ten yeomen, mail-clad men,
Waited the beck of the warders ten ;
Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,
Stood saddled in stable day and night,
Barbed with frontlet of steel, I trow,
And with Jedwood-axe at saddle-bow ;
A hundred more fed free in stall :—
Such was the custom of Branksome Hall.

VI.

Why do these steeds stand ready dight?
 Why watch these warriors, arm'd, by night?— 20
 They watch to hear the blood-hound bayin':
 They watch, to hear the war-horn braying:
 To see St. George's red cross streaming,
 To see the midnight beacon gleaming;
 They watch, against Southern force and guile, 25
 Lest Scroop, or Howard, or Percy's powers,
 Threaten Branksome's lordly towers,
 From Warkworth, or Naworth, or merry Carlisle.

VII.

Such is the custom of Branksome Hall.—

Many a valiant knight is here ;
But he, the chieftain of them all,
His sword hangs rusting on the wall,
Beside his broken spear.

5

Bards long shall tell,
How Lord Walter fell !
When startled burghers fled, afar,
The furies of the Border war ;

When the streets of high Dunedin
Saw lances gleam, and falchions redden,
And heard the slogan's deadly yell—
Then the Chief of Branksome fell.

10

VIII.

Can piety the discord heal,
Or stanch the death-feud's enmity ?

15

Can christian lore, can patriot zeal,
Can love of blessed charity ?

No ! vainly to each holy shrine,
In mutual pilgrimage, they drew ;

Implored, in vain, the grace divine
For chiefs, their own red falchions slew :

20

While Cessford owns the rule of Carr,
While Ettrick boasts the line of Scott,
The slaughter'd chiefs, the mortal jar,
The havoc of the feudal war,
Shall never, never be forgot !

25

IX.

In sorrow o'er Lord Walter's bier
The warlike foresters had bent ;
And many a flower, and many a tear,
Old Teviot's maids and matrons lent :

30

He learned the art that none may name,
 In Padua, far beyond the sea.
 Men said, he changed his mortal frame,
 By feat of magic mystery ;
 For when, in studious mood he paced
 St. Andrew's cloister'd hall,
 His form no darkening shadow traced
 Upon the sunny wall !

5

XII.

And of his skill, as bards avow,
 He taught that Ladye fair,
 Till to her bidding she could bow
 The viewless forms of air.
 And now she sits in secret bower,
 In old Lord David's western tower,
 And listens to a heavy sound,
 That moans the mossy turrets round.
 Is it the roar of Teviot's tide,
 That chafes against the scaur's red side ?
 Is it the wind that swings the oaks ?
 Is it the echo from the rocks ?
 What may it be, the heavy sound,
 That moans old Branksome's turrets round ?

10

15

20

XIII.

At the sullen, moaning sound,
 The ban-dogs bay and howl ;
 And, from the turrets round,
 Loud whoops the startled owl.
 In the hall, both squire and knight
 Swore that a storm was near,
 And looked forth to view the night ;
 But the night was still and clear !

25

30

XIV.

From the sound of Teviot's tide,
 Chafing with the mountain's side,
 From the groan of the wind-swung oak,
 From the sullen echo of the rock,
 From the voice of the coming storm, 5
 The Ladye knew it well;
 It was the Spirit of the Flood that spoke,
 And he called on the Spirit of the Fell.

XV.

RIVER SPIRIT.

"Sleep'st thou, brother?"—

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

—"Brother, nay—

On my hills the moonbeams play, 10
 From Craik-cross to Skelfhill-pen,
 By every rill, in every glen,
 Merry elves their morris pacing,
 To aërial minstrelsy,
 Emerald rings on brown heath tracing, 15
 Trip it deft and merrily.
 Up, and mark their nimble feet!
 Up, and list their music sweet!"

XVI.

RIVER SPIRIT.

"Tears of an imprisoned maiden
 Mix with my polluted stream; *contaminated* 20
 Margaret of Branksome, sorrow laden,
 Mourns beneath the moon's pale beam.
 Tell me, thou, who view'st the stars,
 When shall cease these feudal jars?
 What shall be the maiden's fate? 25
 Who shall be the maiden's mate?"

XVII.

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

"Arthur's slow wain his course doth roll,
 In utter darkness, round the pole;
 The nothern Bear lowers black and grim;
 Orion's studded belt is dim;
 Twinkling faint, and distant far, 5
 Shimmers through mist each planet star;
 Ill may I read their high decree!
 But no kind influence deign they shower
 On Teviot's tide, and Branksome's tower,
 Till pride be quell'd, and love be free." 10

XVIII.

The unearthly voices ceast,
 And the heavy sound was still;
 It died on the river's breast,
 It died on the side of the hill.
 But round Lord David's tower 15
 The sound still floated near;
 For it rung in the Ladye's bower,
 And it rung in the Ladye's ear.
 She raised her stately head,
 And her heart throb'd high with pride:— 20
 "Your mountains shall bend,
 And your streams ascend,
 Ere Margaret be our foeman's bride!"

XIX.

The Ladye sought the lofty hall,
 Where many a bold retainer lay, 25
 And with jocund din, among them all,
 Her son pursued his infant play.
 A fancied moss-trooper, the boy
 The truncheon of a spear bestrode,

And round the hall right merrily,
 In mimic foray rode.
 Even bearded knights, in arms grown old,
 Share in his frolic gambols bore,
 Albeit their hearts, of rugged mould,
 Were stubborn as the steel they wore.
 For the grey warriors prophesied,
 How the brave boy, in future war,
 Should tame the Unicorn's pride,
 Exalt the Crescent and the Star.

Model form of character 5

XX.

The Ladye forgot her purpose high,
 One moment, and no more;
 One moment gazed with a mother's eye,
 As she paused at the archèd door:
 Then, from amid the armèd train,
 She call'd to her, William of Deloraine.

up to her 15

XXI.

A stark moss-trooping Scott was he,
 As e'er couch'd Border lance by knee;
 Through Solway sands, through Tarras moss,
 Blindfold, he knew the paths to cross;
 By wily turns, by desperate bounds,
 Had baffled Percy's best blood-hounds;
 In Eske or Liddel, fords were none
 But he would ride them, one by one;
 Alike to him was time or tide,
 December's snow, or July's pride;
 Alike to him was tide or time,
 Moonless midnight, or matin prime;
 Steady of heart, and stout of hand,
 As ever drove prey from Cumberland;
 Five times outlawed had he been,
 By England's King, and Scotland's Queen.

*anger the
hunting of the
hunting* 25 30

XXII.

"Sir William of Deloraine, good at need,
 Mount thee on the wightest steed ;
Spare not to spur, nor stint to ride,
 Until thou come to fair Tweedside ;
 And in Melrose's holy pile 5
 Seek thou the Monk of St. Mary's aisle.
 Greet the Father well from me ;
 Say that the fated hour is come,
 And to-night he shall watch with thee,
 To win the treasure of the tomb : 10
 For this will be St. Michael's night,
 And, though stars be dim, the moon is bright ;
And the Cross of bloody red,
 Will point to the grave of the mighty dead.

XXIII.

What he gives thee, see thou keep, 15
 Stay not thou for food or sleep :
 Be it scroll, or be it book,
 Into it, Knight, thou must not look :
 If thou readest, thou art lorn !
 Better hadst thou ne'er been born !"— 20

XXIV.

"O swiftly can speed my dapple-grey steed,
 Which drinks of the Teviot clear ;
 Ere break of day," the warrior 'gan say,
 "Again will I be here :
 And safer by none may thy errand be done, 25
 Than, noble Dame, by me :
 Letter nor line know I never a one,
 Wer't my neck-verse at Hairibee."

XXV.

Soon in his saddle sate he fast,
 And soon the steep descent he past,
 Soon cross'd the sounding barbican,
 And soon the Teviot side he won, *reached*
 Eastward the wooded path he rode,
 Green hazels o'er his basnet nod ;
 He pass'd the Peel of Goldiland, a *fortified border tower* 5
 And cross'd old Borthwick's roaring strand ;
 Dimly he view'd the Moat-hill's mound,
 Where Druid shades still flitted round ; 10
 In Hawick, twinkled many a light ;
 Behind him soon they set in night ;
 And soon he spurr'd his courser keen
 Beneath the tower of Hazeldean.

XXVI.

The clattering hoofs the watchmen mark :—
 "Stand, ho ! thou courier of the dark,"— *nocturnal* 15
 "For Branksome, ho !" the knight rejoin'd,
 And left the friendly tower behind
 He turn'd him now from Teviotside,
 And, guided by the tinkling rill, 20
 Northward the dark ascent did ride,
 And gained the moor at Horsliehill ;
 Broad on the left before him lay,
 For many a mile, the Roman way.

XXVII.

A moment now he slack'd his speed, 25
 A moment breathed his panting steed :
 Drew saddle-girth and corslet-band,
 And loosen'd in the sheath his brand ;
 On Minto-crag the moonbeams glint,
 Where Barnhill hew'd his bed of flint ; 30

Who flung his outlaw'd limbs to rest,
 Where falcons hang their giddy nest,
 Mid cliffs, from whence his eagle eye
 For many a league his prey could spy ;
 Cliffs, doubling, on their echoes borne, 5
 The terrors of the robber's horn ;
 Cliffs, which, for many a later year,
 The warbling Doric reed shall hear,
 When some sad swain shall teach the grove,
 Ambition is no cure for love ! 10

XXVIII.

Unchallenged, thence pass'd Deloraine
 To ancient Riddel's fair domain,
 Where Aill, from mountains freed,
 Down from the lakes did raving come ; *almond colour*
 Each wave was crested with tawny foam, 15
 Like the mane of a chestnut steed.
 In vain ! no torrent deep or broad,
 Might bar the bold moss-trooper's road.

XXIX. *Shark*

At the first plunge the horse sunk low,
 And the water broke o'er the saddle bow ; 20
 Above the foaming tide, I ween,
 Scarce half the charger's neck was seen ;
For he was barded from counter to tail,
 And the rider was armed complete in mail ;
 Never heavier man and horse 25
 Stemm'd a midnight torrent's force.
 The warrior's very plume, I say,
 Was daggled by the dashing spray ;
 Yet, through good heart, and Our Ladye's grace,
 At length he gained the landing place. 30

XXX.

Now Bowden Moor the march-man won,
 And sternly shook his plum'd head,
 As glanced his eye o'er Halidon;
 For on his soul the slaughter red
Of that unhallow'd morn arose, 5
 When first the Scott and Carr were foes;
 When royal James beheld the fray,
 Prize to the victor of the day,
 When Home and Douglas, in the van,
Bore down Buccleuch's retiring clan, 10
 Till gallant Cessford's heart-blood dear
 Reek'd on dark Elliot's Border spear.

XXXI.

In bitter mood he spurred fast,
 And soon the hated heath was past;
 And far beneath, in lustre wan, 15
 Old Melros' rose, and fair Tweed ran,
 Like some tall rock with lichens grey,
 Seem'd, dimly huge, the dark Abbaye.
 When Hawick he pass'd, had curfew rung,
 Now midnight lauds were in Melrose sung. 20
 The sound, upon the fitful gale,
 In solemn wise did rise and fail,
 Like that wild harp, whose magic tone
 Is waken'd by the winds alone.
 But when Melrose he reach'd, 'twas silence all; 25
 He meetly stabled his steed in stall,
 And sought the convent's lonely wall.

HERE paused the harp; and with the swell
 The Master's fire and courage fell;
 Dejectedly, and low, he bow'd, 30
 And, gazing timid on the crowd,

He seem'd to seek, in every eye,
 If they approved his minstrelsy;
 And, diffident of present praise,
 Somewhat he spoke of former days,
 And how old age, and wand ring long,
 Had done his hand and harp some wrong.

5

The Duchess and her daughters fair,
 And every gentle lady there,
 Each after each, in due degree,
 Gave praises to his melody;
 His hand was true, his voice was clear,
 And much they longed the rest to hear.
 Encouraged thus, the Aged Man,
 After meet rest, again began.

10

CANTO SECOND.

I.

IF thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day,
Gild, but to flout, the ruins grey.
When the broken arches are black in night 5
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately
Seem framed of ebon and ivory; 10
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave
Then go—but go alone the while— 15
Then view St. David's ruin'd pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!

II.

Short halt did Deloraine make there:
Little reck'd he of the scene so fair; 20
With dagger's hilt, on the wicket strong,
He struck full loud, and struck full long.
The porter hurried to the gate—
"Who knocks so loud, and knocks so late?"—

"From Branksome I," the warrior cried ;
 And straight the wicket open'd wide ;
 For Branksome's Chiefs had in battle stood,
 To fence the rights of fair Melrose ;
 And lands and livings, many a rood, 5
 Had gifted the shrine for their souls' repose

III.

Bold Deloraine his errand said ;
 The porter bent his humble head ;
 With torch in hand, and feet unshod,
 And noiseless step the path he trod ; 10
 The archèd cloister, far and wide,
 Rang to the warrior's clanking stride,
 Till, stooping low his lofty crest,
 He enter'd the cell of the ancient priest,
 And lifted his barrèd aventayle, 15
 To hail the Monk of St. Mary's aisle.

IV.

"The Ladye of Branksome greets thee by me ;
 Says, that the fated hour is come,
 And that to-night I shall watch with thee,
 To win the treasure of the tomb."— 20
 From sackcloth couch the monk arose,
 With toil his stiffen'd limbs he rear'd ;
 A hundred years had flung their snows
 On his thin locks and floating beard.

V.

And strangely on the knight look'd he, 25
 And his blue eyes gleam'd wild and wide ;
 "And, darest thou, Warrior ! seek to see
 What heaven and hell alike would hide ?

My breast in belt of iron pent,
 With shirt of hair and scourge of thorn;
 For threescore years in penance spent,
 My knees those flinty stones have worn;
 Yet all too little to atone 5
 For knowing what should ne'er be known.
 Would'st thou thy every future year
 In ceaseless prayer and penance dree,
 Yet wait thy latter end with fear—
 Then, daring Warrior, follow me! ”— 10

VI.

“Penance, father, will I none;
 Prayer know I hardly one;
 For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry,
 Save to patter an Ave Mary,
 When I ride on a Border foray. 15
 Other prayer can I none;
 So speed me my errand and let me be gone.”—

VII.

Again on the Knight look'd the Churchman old,
 And again he sighed heavily;
 For he had himself been a warrior bold, 20
 And fought in Spain and Italy,
 And he thought on the days that were long since by,
 When his limbs were strong and his courage was high:
 Now, slow and faint, he led the way,
 Where, cloister'd round, the garden lay; 25
 The pillar'd arches were over their head,
 And beneath their feet were the bones of the dead.

VIII.

Spreading herbs, and flowerets bright,
 Glisten'd with the dew of night;

Nor herb, nor floweret, glisten'd there,
 But was carved in the cloister-arches as fair.
 The Monk gazed long on the lovely moon
 Then into the night he looked forth ;
 And red and bright the streamers light 5
 Were dancing in the glowing north.
 So had he seen, in fair Castile,
 The youth in glittering squadrons start ;
 Sudden the flying jennet wheel,
 And hurled the unexpected dart. 10
 He knew, by the streamers that shot so bright,
 That Spirits were riding the northern light.

IX.

By a steel-clenched postern door,
 They enter'd now the chancel tall ;
 The darken'd roof rose high aloof 15
 On pillars lofty, and light, and small :
 The key-stone, that lock'd each ribbed aisle,
 Was a fleur-de-lys, or a quatre-feuille ;
 The corbells were carved grotesque and grim ;
 And the pillars, with cluster'd shafts so trim, 20
 With base and with capital flourish'd around,
 Seemed bundles of lances which garlands had bound.

X.

Full many a scutcheon and banner riven,
 Shook to the cold night-wind of heaven,
 Around the screened altar's pale ; 25
 And there the dying lamps did burn,
 Before thy low and lonely urn,
 O gallant Chief of Otterburne !
 And thine, dark Knight of Liddesdale !
 O fading honours of the dead ! 30
 O high ambition, lowly laid !

XI.

The moon on the east oriel shone
 Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
 By foliage tracery combined ;
 Thou would'st have thought some fairy's hand
 'Twixt poplars straight the ozier wand, 5
 In many a freakish knot, had twined ;
 Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
 And changed the willow wreaths to stone.
 The silver light, so pale and faint,
 Show'd many a prophet, and many a saint, 10
 Whose image on the glass was dyed :
 Full in the midst, his Cross of Red
 Triumphant Michael brandishèd,
 And trampled the apostate's pride.
 The moonbeam kiss'd the holy pane, 15
 And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

XII.

They sate them down on a marble stone,
 (A Scottish monarch slept below ;)
 Thus spoke the Monk, in solemn tone :—
 " I was not always a man of woe ; 20
 For Paynim countries I have trod,
 And fought beneath the Cross of God :
 Now, strange to my eyes thine arms appear,
 And their iron clang sounds strange to my ear.

XIII.

In these far climes it was my lot 25
 To meet the wondrous Michael Scott ;
 A Wizard, of such dreaded fame,
 That when, in Salamanca's cave,
 Him listed his magic wand to wave,
 The bells would ring in Notre Dame ! 30

Some of his skill he taught to me ;
And, Warrior, I could say to thee
The words that cleft Eildon hills in three,
And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone :
But to speak them were a deadly sin ;
And for having but thought them my heart within
A treble penance must be done.

XIV.

When Michael lay on his dying bed,
His conscience was awakenèd :
He bethought him of his sinful deed, 10
And he gave me a sign to come with speed :
I was in Spain when the morning rose,
But I stood by his bed ere evening close.
The words may not again be said,
That he spoke to me, on death-bed laid ; 15
They would rend this Abbaye's massy nave,
And pile it in heaps above his grave.

XV.

I swore to bury his Mighty Book,
That never mortal might therein look ;
And never to tell where it was hid, 20
Save at his Chief of Branksome's need :
And when that need was past and o'er,
Again the volume to restore.
I buried him on St. Michael's night,
When the bell toll'd one, and the moon was bright ; 25
And I dug his chamber among the dead,
When the floor of the chancel was stained red,
That his patron's cross might over him wave,
And scare the fiends from the Wizard's grave.

XVI.

It was a night of woe and dread,
 When Michael in the tomb I laid !
 Strange sounds along the chancel pass'd,
 The banners waved without a blast,"—
 —Still spoke the Monk, when the bell toll'd one ! 5
 I tell you, that a braver man
 Than William of Deloraine, good at need,
 Against a foe ne'er spurr'd a steed ;
 Yet somewhat was he chill'd with dread,
 And his hair did bristle upon his head. 10

XVII.

"Lo, Warrior ! now the Cross of Red
 Points to the grave of the mighty dead ;
 Within it burns a wondrous light,
 To chase the spirits that love the night :
 That lamp shall burn unquenchably, 15
 Until the eternal doom shall be."—
 Slow moved the Monk to the broad flag-stone,
 Which the bloody Cross was traced upon :
 He pointed to a secret nook ;
 An iron bar the Warrior took ; 20
 And the Monk made a sign with his withered hand,
 The grave's huge portal to expand.

XVIII.

With beating heart to the task he went ;
 His sinewy frame o'er the grave-stone bent ;
 With bar of iron heaved amain, 25
 Till the toil-drops fell from his brows like rain.
 It was by dint of passing strength,
 That he moved the massy stone at length.
 I would you had been there, to see
 How the light broke forth so gloriously, 30

Stream'd upward to the chancel roof,
 And through the galleries far aloof!
 No earthly flame blazed e'er so bright;
 It shone like heaven's own blessèd light,
 And, issuing from the tomb, 5
 Show'd the Monk's cowl, and visage pale,
 Danced on the dark-brow'd Warrior's mail,
 And kiss'd his waving plume.

XIX.

Before their eyes the Wizard lay,
 As if he had not been dead a day. 10
 His hoary beard in silver roll'd,
 He seem'd some seventy winters old:
 A palmer's amice wrapp'd him round.
 With a wrought Spanish baldrick bound,
 Like a pilgrim from beyond the sea: 15
 His left hand held his Book of might;
 A silver cross was in his right;
 The lamp was placed beside his knee:
 High and majestic was his look,
 At which the fellest fiends had shook, 20
 And all unruffled was his face:
 They trusted his soul had gotten grace.

XX.

Often had William of Deloraine
 Rode through the battle's bloody plain,
 And trampled down the warriors slain, 25
 And neither known remorse nor awe;
 Yet now remorse and awe he own'd;
 His breath came thick, his head swum round,
 When this strange scene of death he saw.
 Bewilder'd and unnerv'd he stood, 30

And the priest prayed fervently and loud :
 With eyes averted prayèd he ;
 He might not endure the sight to see,
 Of the man he had loved so brotherly.

XXI.

And when the priest his death-prayer had pray'd, 5
 Thus unto Deloraine he said :—
 “ Now, speed thee what thou hast to do,
 Or, Warrior, we may dearly rue ;
 For those, thou may'st not look upon,
 Are gathering fast round the yawning stone ! ” 10
 Then Deloraine, in terror, took
 From the cold hand the Mighty Book,
 With iron clasp'd, and with iron bound :
 He thought, as he took it, the dead man frown'd ;
 But the glare of the sepulchral light, 15
 Perchance had dazzled the warrior's sight.

XXII.

When the huge stone sunk o'er the tomb,
 The night return'd in double gloom ;
 For the moon had gone down, and the stars were few ;
 And, as the Knight and Priest withdrew, 20
 With wavering steps and dizzy brain,
 They hardly might the postern gain.
 'Tis said, as through the aisles they pass'd, *3208*
 They heard strange noises on the blast ;
 And through the cloister-galleries small, 25
 Which at mid-height thread the chancel wall,
 Loud sobs, and laughter louder, ran,
 And voices unlike the voice of man ;
 As if the fiends kept holiday,
 Because these spells were brought to day. 30
 I cannot tell how the truth may be ;
 I say the tale as 'twas said to me.

XXIII.
monk

"Now, hie thee hence," the Father said,
 "And when we are on death-bed laid,
 O may our dear Ladye, and sweet St. John,
 Forgive our souls for the deed we have done!"

The Monk return'd him to his cell,

And many a prayer and penance sped; *5*
 When the convent met at the noontide bell—

The Monk of St. Mary's aisle was dead!
 Before the cross was the body laid,
 With hands clasp'd fast, as if still he pray'd. *10*

XXIV.

The Knight breathed free in the morning wind,
 And strove his hardihood to find:
 He was glad when he pass'd the tomb-stones grey.
 Which girdle round the fair Abbaye;
 For the mystic Book, to his bosom prest, *15*
 Felt like a load upon his breast;
 And his joints, with nerves of iron twin'd,
 Shook, like the aspen leaves in wind.
 Full fain was he when the dawn of day,
 Began to brighten Cheviot grey; *20*
 He joy'd to see the cheerful light,
 And he said Ave Mary, as well as he might. *welcome*

XXV.

The sun had brighten'd Cheviot grey,
 The sun had brighten'd the Carter's side;
 And soon beneath the rising day *25*
 Smiled Branksome towers and Teviot's tide.
 The wild birds told their warbling tale,
 And waken'd every flower that blows;
 And peep'd forth the violet pale,
 And spread her breast the mountain rose. *30*

And lovelier than the rose so red,
 Yet paler than the violet pale,
 She early left her sleepless bed,
 The fairest maid of Teviotdale.

dale, valley

XXVI.

Why does fair Margaret so early awake,
 And don her kirtle so hastilie;
 And the silken knots, which in hurry she would make,
 Why tremble her slender fingers to tie;
 Why does she stop, and look often around,
 As she glides down the secret stair;
 And why does she pat the shaggy blood-hound,
 As he rouses him up from his lair;
 And, though she passes the postern alone,
 Why is not the watchman's bugle blown?

5

10

XXVII.

The Ladye steps in doubt and dread,
 Lest her watchful mother hear her tread;
 The Ladye caresses the rough blood-hound,
 Lest his voice should waken the castle round;
 The watchman's bugle is not blown,
 For he was her foster-father's son;
 And she glides through the greenwood at dawn of light,
 To meet Baron Henry, her own true knight.

15

20

XXVIII.

The Knight and Ladye fair are met,
 And under the hawthorn's boughs are set,
 A fairer pair were never seen
 To meet beneath the hawthorn green.
 He was stately, and young, and tall;
 Dreaded in battle, and loved in hall:

25

And she, when love, scarce told, scarce hid,
 Lent to her cheek a livelier red ;
 When the half sigh her swelling breast
 Against the silken ribbon prest ;
 When her blue eyes their secret told, 5
 Though shaded by her locks of gold—
 Where would you find the peerless fair,
 With Margaret of Branksome might compare !

XXIX.

And now, fair dames, methinks I see
 You listen to my minstrelsy ; 10
 Your waving locks ye backward throw,
 And sidelong bend your necks of snow :
 Ye ween to hear a melting tale,
 Of two true lovers in a dale ;
 And how the Knight, with tender fire, 15
 To paint his faithful passion strove ;
 Swore he might at her feet expire,
 But never, never cease to love ;
 And how she blush'd and how she sigh'd,
 And, half consenting, half denied, 20
 And said that she would die a maid ;—
 Yet, might the bloody feud be stay'd,
 Henry of Cranstoun, and only he,
 Margaret of Branksome's choice should be.

XXX.

Alas ! fair dames, your hopes are vain ! 25
 My harp has lost the enchanting strain ;
 Its lightness would my age reprove :
 My hairs are grey, my limbs are old,
 My heart is dead, my veins are cold ;
 I may not, must not, sing of love. 30

XXXI.

Beneath an oak, moss'd o'er by eld,
 The Baron's Dwarf his courser held,
 And held his crested helm and spear:
 That Dwarf was scarce an earthly man,
 If the tales were true that of him ran 5
 Through all the Border, far and near.
 'Twas said, when the Baron a-hunting rode
 Through Reedsdale's glens but rarely trode,
 He heard a voice cry, "Lost! lost! lost!"
 And, like tennis-ball by racket toss'd, 10
 A leap of thirty feet and three
 Made from the gorse this elfin shape,
 Distorted like some dwarfish ape,
 And lighted at Lord Cranstoun's knee.
 Lord Cranstoun was some whit dismay'd; 15
 'Tis said that five good miles he rade,
 To rid him of his company;
 But where he rode one mile, the Dwarf ran four,
 And the Dwarf was first at the castle door.

XXXII.

Use lessens marvel, it is said:
 This elvish Dwarf with the Baron staid: *Scotch form* 20
 Little he ate, and less he spoke,
 Nor mingled with the menial flock:
 And oft apart his arms he toss'd,
 And often mutter'd "Lost! lost! lost!" 25
 He was waspish, arch, and litherlie,
 But well Lord Cranstoun serv'd he;
 And he of his service was full fain;
 For once he had been ta'en or slain,
An it had not been for his ministry. 30
 All between Home and Hermitage,
 Talk'd of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin-page.

XXXIII.

For the Baron went on pilgrimage,
And took with him this elvish Page,

To Mary's chapel of the Lowes :
For there, beside our Lady's lake,
An offering he had sworn to make.

5

And he would pay his vows.
But the Lady of Branksome gather'd a band
Of the best that would ride at her command :

The trysting-place was Newark Lee.
Wat of Harden came thither amain,
And thither came John of Thirlestane,
And thither came William of Deloraine ;

Intimacy

10

They were three hundred spears and three.
Through Douglas-burn, up Yarrow stream,
Their horses prance, their lances gleam.

restive

15

They came to St. Mary's lake ere day ;
But the chapel was void, and the Baron away.
They burn'd the chapel for very rage,
And cursed Lord Cranstoun's Goblin-page.

*a small place of worship
which is full of
in which is a hall
an altar*

XXXIV.

And now, in Branksome's gooa green-wood,
As under the aged oak he stood,
The Baron's courser pricks his ears,
As if a distant noise he hears.

20

The Dwarf waves his long lean arm on high,
And signs to the lovers to part and fly :
No time was then to vow or sigh.

25

Fair Margaret through the hazel grove,
Flew like the startled cushat-dove :

The Dwarf the stirrup held and rein ;
Vaulted the Knight on his steed amain,
And, pondering deep that morning's scene,
Rode eastward through the hawthorns green,

30

WHILE thus he pour'd the lengthen'd tale,
The Minstrel's voice began to fail :
Full slyly smiled the observant page,
And gave the wither'd hand of age
A goblet, crown'd with mighty wine, 5
The blood of Velez' scorched vine.
He raised the silver cup on high,
And, while the big drop fill'd his eye,
Pray'd God to bless the Duchess long,
And all who cheer'd the son of song. 10
The attending maidens smiled to see
How long, how deep, how zealously,
The precious juice the Minstrel quaff'd ;
And he, embolden'd by the draught,
Look'd gaily back to them, and laugh'd. 15
The cordial nectar of the bowl
Swell'd his old veins, and cheer'd his soul ;
A lighter, livelier prelude ran,
Ere thus his tale again began.

CANTO THIRD.

I.

AND said I that my limbs were old,
And said I that my blood was cold,
And that my kindly fire was fled,
And my poor wither'd heart was dead,
And that I might not sing of love?— 5
How could I, to the dearest theme
That ever warm'd a minstrel's dream,
So foul, so false a recreant prove!
How could I name love's very name,
Nor wake my heart to notes of flame! 10

II.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove, 15
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

III.

So thought Lord Cranstoun, as I ween,
While, pondering deep the tender scene,
He rode through Branksome's hawthorn green 20
But the page shouted wild and shrill,
And scarce his helmet could he don,
When downward from the shady hill
A stately knight came pricking on,

That warrior's steed, so dapple-grey,
 Was dark with sweat, and splashed with clay;
 His armour red with many a stain :
 He seem'd in such a weary plight,
 As if he had ridden the live-long night
 For it was William of Deloraine.

5

IV.

But no whit weary did he seem,
 When, dancing in the sunny beam,
 He mark'd the crane on the Baron's crest;
 For his ready spear was in his rest.
 - Few were the words, and stern and high,
 That marked the foemen's feudal hate;
 For question fierce, and proud reply,
 Gave signal soon of dire debate.
 Their very coursers seem'd to know
 That each was other's mortal foe,
 And snorted fire, when wheel'd around
 To give each knight his vantage-ground.

10

15

V.

In rapid round the Baron bent;
 He sigh'd a sigh, and pray'd a prayer;
 The prayer was to his patron saint,
 The sigh was to his ladye fair.
 Stout Deloraine nor sighed nor pray'd,
 Nor saint, nor ladye, call'd to aid;
 But he stoop'd his head, and couch'd his spear,
 And spurr'd his steed to full career.
 The meeting of these champions proud
 Seem'd like the bursting thunder-cloud.

20

25

VI.

Stern was the dint the Borderer lent!
 The stately Baron backwards bent;

30

Bent backwards to his horse's tail,
 And his plumes went scattering on the gale :
 The tough ash spear, so stout and true,
 Into a thousand flinders flew.
 But Cranstoun's lance, of more avail, 5
 Pierced through, like silk, the Borderer's mail ;
 Through shield, and jack, and aceton, past,
 Deep in his bosom broke at last.—
 Still sate the warrior, saddle-fast,
 Till, stumbling in the mortal shock, 10
 Down went the steed, the girthing broke,
 Hurl'd on a heap lay man and horse.
 The Baron onward pass'd his course ;
 Nor knew—so giddy roll'd his brain—
 His foe lay stretched upon the plain. 15

VII.

But when he rein'd his courser round,
 And saw his foeman on the ground
 Lie senseless as the bloody clay,
 He bade his page to stanch the wound,
 And there beside the warrior stay, 20
 And tend him in his doubtful state,
 And lead him to Branksome castle gate:
 His noble mind was inly moved
 For the kinsman of the maid he loved.
 "This shalt thou do without delay; 25
 No longer here myself may stay;
 Unless the swifter I speed away,
 Short shrift will be at my dying day."

VIII.

Away in speed Lord Cranstoun rode ;
 The Goblin-Page behind abode ; 30
 His lord's command he ne'er withstood,
 Though small his pleasure to do good,

As the corslet off he took,
 The Dwarf espied the Mighty Book !
 Much he marvell'd a knight of pride,
 Like a book-bosom'd priest should ride :
 He thought not to search or stanch the wound 5
 Until the secret he had found.

IX.

The iron band, the iron clasp,
 Resisted long the elfin grasp ;
 For when the first he had undone,
 It closed as he the next begun. 10
 Those iron clasps, that iron band,
 Would not yield to unchristen'd hand
 Till he smear'd the cover o'er
 With the Borderer's curdled gore ;
 A moment then the volume spread, 15
 And one short spell therein he read,
 It had much of glamour might,
 Could make a ladye seem a knight ;
 The cobwebs on a dungeon wall
 Seem tapestry in lordly hall ; 20
 A nut-shell seem a gilded barge,
 A sheeling seem a palace large,
 And youth seem age, and age seem youth
 All was delusion, nought was truth.

X.

He had not read another spell, 25
 When on his cheek a buffet fell,
 So fierce, it stretch'd him on the plain.
 Beside the wounded Deloraine.
 From the ground he rose dismay'd,
 And shook his huge and matted head ; 30

One word he mutter'd, and no more,
 "Man of age, thou smitest sore!"
 No more the Elfin Page durst try
 Into the wondrous Book to pry:
 The clasps, though smear'd with Christian gore, 5
 Shut faster than they were before.
 He hid it underneath his cloak.—
 Now, if you ask who gave the stroke,
 I cannot tell, so mote I thrive;
 It was not given by man alive. 10

XI.

Unwillingly himself he address'd
 To do his master's high behest:
 He lifted up the living corse,
 And laid it on the weary horse:
 He led him into Branksome Hall, 15
 Before the beards of the warders all;
 And each did after swear and say,
 There only pass'd a wain of hay.
 He took him to Lord David's tower,
 Even to the Ladye's secret bower; 20
 And but that stronger spells were spread,
 And the door might not be open'd,
 He had laid him on her very bed.
 Whate'er he did of gramarye,
 Was always done maliciously; 25
 He flung the warrior on the ground,
 And the blood well'd freshly from the wound.

XII.

As he repass'd the outer court,
 He spied the fair young child at sport;
 He thought to train him to the wood; 30
 For, at a word, be it understood

He was always for ill, and never for good.
 Seem'd to the boy some comrade gay
 Led him forth to the woods to play;
 On the drawbridge the warders stout
 Saw a terrier and lurcher passing out.

5

XIII.

He led the boy o'er bank and fell,
 Until they came to a woodland brook;
 The running stream dissolved the spell,
 And his own elvish shape he took.
 Could he have had his pleasure wilde,
 He had crippled the joints of the noble child;
 Or, with his fingers long and lean,
 Had strangled him in fiendish spleen:
 But his awful mother he had in dread,
 And also his power was limited;
 So he but scowl'd on the startled child,
 And darted through the forest wild;
 The woodland brook he bounding cross'd,
 And laugh'd, and shouted, "Lost! lost! lost!"

10

15

XIV.

Full sore amaz'd at the wondrous change,
 And frighten'd as a child might be,
 At the wild yell and visage strange,
 And the dark words of gramarye,
 The child amidst the forest bower,
 Stood rooted like a lily flower;
 And when at length, with trembling pace,
 He sought to find where Branksome lay,
 He fear'd to see that grisly face,
 Glare from some thicket on his way.
 Thus, starting oft, he journey'd on,
 And deeper in the wood is gone,—

20

25

30

For aye the more he sought his way,
 The further still he went astray,—
 Until he heard the mountains round
 Ring to the baying of a hound.

XV.

And hark! and hark! the deep-mouth'd bark 5
 Comes nigher still, and nigher:
 Bursts on the path a dark blood-hound,
 His tawny muzzle track'd the ground,
 And his red eye shot fire.
 Soon as the wilder'd child saw he, 10
 He flew at him right furiouslie.
 I ween you would have seen with joy
 The bearing of the gallant boy,
 When, worthy of his noble sire,
 His wet cheek glow'd twixt fear and ire! 15
 He faced the blood-hound manfully,
 And held his little bat on high;
 So fierce he struck, the dog, afraid,
 At cautious distance hoarsely bay'd,
 But still in act to spring; 20
 When dash'd an archer through the glade.
 And when he saw the hound was stay'd,
 He drew his tough bow-string;
 But a rough voice cried, "Shoot not, hoy!
 Ho! shoot not, Edward—"Tis a boy!" 25

XVI.

The speaker issued from the wood,
 And check'd his fellow's surly mood, *eng. 2005*
 And quell'd the ban-dog's ire:
 He was an English yeoman good,
 And born in Lancashire. 30

Well could he hit a fallow-deer
 Five hundred feet him fro;
 With hand more true, and eye more clear,
 No archer bended bow.
 His coal-black hair, shorn round and close, 5
 Set off his sun-burn'd face :
 Old England's sign, St. George's cross,
 His barret-cap did grace ;
 His bugle-horn hung by his side, 10
 All in a wolf-skin baldric tied ;
 And his short falchion, sharp and clear,
 Had pierced the throat of many a deer.

XVII.

His kirtle, made of forest green,
 Reach'd scantily to his knee ;
 And, at his belt, of arrows keen 15
 A furbish'd sheaf bore he ;
 His buckler scarce in breadth a span,
 No larger fence had he ;
 He never counted him a man,
 Would strike below the knee : 20
 His slacken'd bow was in his hand,
 And the leash, that was his blood-hound's band.

XVIII.

He would not do the fair child harm,
 But held him with his powerful arm,
 That he might neither fight nor flee ; 25
 For when the Red-Cross spied he,
 The boy strove long and violently.
 "Now by St. George," the archer cries,
 "Edward, methinks we have a prize !
 This boy's fair face, and courage free, 30
 Show he is come of high degree."—

XIX.

'Yes! I am come of high degree,
 For I am the heir of bold Buccleuch;
 And, if thou dost not set me free,
 False Southron, thou shalt dearly rue!
 For Walter of Harden shall come with speed, 5
 And William of Deloraine, good at need,
 And every Scott, from Esk to Tweed;
 And if thou dost not let me go,
 Despite thy arrows, and thy bow,
 I'll have thee hang'd to feed the crow!"— 10

XX.

"Gramercy, for thy good-will, fair boy!
 My mind was never set so high;
 But if thou art chief of such a clan,
 And art the son of such a man,
 And ever comest to thy command, 15
 Our wardens had need to keep good order;
 My bow of yew to a hazel wand,
 Thou'lt make them work upon the Border.
 Meantime be pleased to come with me,
 For good Lord Dacre shalt thou see; 20
 I think our work is well begun,
 When we have taken thy father's son."

XXI.

Although the child was led away,
 In Branksome still he seem'd to stay,
 For so the Dwarf his part did play; 25
 And, in the shape of that young boy,
 He wrought the castle much annoy.
 The comrades of the young Buccleuch
 He pinch'd, and beat, and overthrew;
 Nay, some of them he wellnigh slew. 30

He tore Dame Maudlin's silken tire,
 And as Sym Hall stood by the fire,
 He lighted the match of his bandelier,
 And wofully scorch'd the hackbuteer.
 It may be hardly thought or said,
 The mischief that the urchin made,
 Till many of the castle guess'd,
 That the young Baron was possess'd !

5

XXII.

Well I ween the charm he held
 The noble Ladye had soon dispell'd .
 But she was deeply busied then
 To tend the wounded Deloraine.

10

Much she wonder'd to find him lie,
 On the stone threshold stretch'd along ;
 She thought some spirit of the sky
 Had done the bold moss-trooper wrong,
 Because, despite her precept dread,
 Perchance he in the Book had read ;
 But the broken lance in his bosom stood,
 And it was earthly steel and wood.

15

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XXIII.

She drew the splinter from the wound,
 And with a charm she stanch'd the blood ;
 She bade the gash be cleansed and bound :
 No longer by his couch she stood ;
 But she has ta'en the broken lance,
 And wash'd it from the clotted gore,
 And salved the splinter o'er and o'er.
 William of Deloraine, in trance,
 Whene'er she turned it round and round,
 Twisted as if she gall'd his wound.

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30

Then to her maidens she did say,
 That he should be whole man and sound,
 Within the course of a night and day.
 Full long she toil'd ; for she did rue
 Mishap to friend so stout and true. 5

XXIV.

So pass'd the day—the evening fell,
 'Twas near the time of curfew bell ;
 The air was mild, the wind was calm,
 The stream was smooth, the dew was balm ;
 E'en the rude watchman, on the tower, 10
 Enjoy'd and bless'd the lovely hour.
 Far more fair Margaret loved and bless'd
 The hour of silence and of rest.
 On the high turret sitting lone,
 She waked at times the lute's soft tone ; 15
 Touch'd a wild note, and all between
 Thought of the bower of hawthorns green.
 Her golden hair stream'd free from band,
 Her fair cheek rested on her hand,
 Her blue eyes sought the west afar, 20
 For lovers love the western star.

XXV.

Is yon the star, o'er Penchryst Pen,
 That rises slowly to her ken,
 And, spreading broad its wavering light,
 Shakes its loose tresses on the night? 25
 Is yon red glare the western star?—
 Oh ! 'tis the beacon-blaze of war !
 Scarce could she draw her tighten'd breath,
 For well she knew the fire of death !

XXVI.

The Warder view'd it blazing strong, 30
 And blew his war-note loud and long,

Till, at the high and haughty sound,
 Rock, wood, and river rung around.
 The blast alarm'd the festal hall,
 And startled forth the warriors all ;
 Far, downward, in the castle yard, 5
 Full many a torch and cresset glared ;
 And helms and plumes, confusedly toss'd,
 Were in the blaze half-seen, half-lost ;
 And spears in wild disorder shook,
 Like reeds beside a frozen brook. 10

XXVII.

The Seneschal, whose silver hair
 Was redden'd by the torches' glare,
 Stood in the midst with gesture proud,
 And issued forth his mandates loud :—
 " On Penchryst glows a bale of fire, 15
 And three are kindling on Priestthaugh-swire :
 Ride out, ride out,
 The foe to scout !
 Mount, mount for Branksome every man !
 Thou, Todrig, warn the Johnstone clan, 20
 That ever are true and stout—
 Ye need not send to Liddesdale ;
 For when they see the blazing bale,
 Elliots and Armstrongs never fail ;
 Ride, Alton, ride, for death and life ! 25
 And warn the Warder of the strife.
 Young Gilbert, let our beacon blaze,
 Our kin, and clan, and friends, to raise."

XXVIII.

Fair Margaret, from the turret head,
 Heard, far below, the coursers' tread, 30

While loud the harness rung,
 As to their seats with clamour dread,
 The ready horsemen sprung ;
 And trampling hoofs, and iron coats,
 And leaders' voices, mingled notes, 5
 And out ! and out !
 In hasty rout,
 The horsemen gallop'd forth ;
 Dispersing to the south to scout,
 And east, and west, and north, 10
 To view their coming enemies,
 And warn their vassals and allies.

XXIX.

The ready page with hurried hand,
 Awaked the need-fire's slumbering brand,
 And ruddy blush'd the heaven : 15
 For a sheet of flame, from the turret high
 Waved like a blood-flag on the sky
 All flaring and uneven ;
 And soon a score of fires, I ween,
 From height, and hill, and cliff, were seen ; 20
 Each with warlike tidings fraught ;
 Each from each the signal caught ;
 Each after each they glanced to sight,
 As stars arise upon the night.
 They gleam'd on many a dusky tarn, 25
 Haunted by the lonely ean ;
 On many a cairn's grey pyramid,
 Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid ;
 Till high Dunedin the blazes saw,
 From Soltra and Dumpender Law ; 30
 And Lothian heard the Regent's order,
 That all should bowne them for the Border.

XXX.

The livelong night in Branksome rang
 The ceaseless sound of steel;
 The castle-bell, with backward clang,
 Sent forth the larum peal:
 Was frequent heard the heavy jar, 5
 Where massy stone and iron bar
 Were piled on echoing keep and tower,
 To whelm the foe with deadly shower;
 Was frequent heard the changing guard,
 And watch-word from the sleepless ward; 10
 While, wearied by the endless din,
 Blood-hound and ban-dog yell'd within.

XXXI.

The noble Dame amid the broil,
 Shared the grey Seneschal's high toil,
 And spoke of danger with a smile; 15
 Cheer'd the young knights, and counsel sage
 Held with the chiefs of riper age.
 No tidings of the foe were brought,
 Nor of his numbers knew they aught,
 Nor what, in time of truce, he sought. 20
 Some said that there were thousands ten;
 And others ween'd that it was nought,
 But Leven Clans, or Tynedale men,
 Who came to gather in black mail;
 And Liddesdale with small avail, 25
 Might drive them lightly back agen.
 So pass'd the anxious night away,
 And welcome was the peep of day.

CEASED the high sound—the listening throng
 Applaud the Master of the Song; 30
 And marvel much in helpless age,

So hard should be his pilgrimage.	
Had he no friend—no daughter dear,	
His wandering toil to share and cheer :	
No son to be his father's stay,	
And guide him on the rugged way?	5
“Ay, once he had—but he was dead!”	
Upon the harp he stoop'd his head,	
And busied himself the strings withal,	
To hide the tear, that fain would fall.	
In solemn measure, soft and slow,	10
Arose a father's notes of woe.	

CANTO FOURTH.

I.

SWEET Teviot! on thy silver tide
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more ;
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willow'd shore ;
Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill, 5
All, all is peaceful, all is still,
As if thy waves, since Time was born,
Since first they roll'd upon the Tweed,
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
Nor started at the bugle-horn. 10

II.

Unlike the tide of human time,
Which though it change in ceaseless flow,
Retains each grief, retains each crime
Its earliest course was doomed to know ;
And, darker as it downward bears, 15
Is stained with past and present tears.
Low as that tide has ebb'd with me,
It still reflects to Memory's eye
The hour my brave, my only boy,
Fell by the side of great Dundee. 20
Why, when the volleying musket play'd
Against the bloody Highland blade,
Why was I not beside him laid ?
Enough—he died the death of fame ;
Enough—he died with conquering Græme. 25

III.

Now over Border dale and fell,
 Full wide and far was terror spread ;
 For pathless marsh, and mountain cell,
 The peasant left his lowly shed.
 The frighten'd flocks and herds were pent 5
 Beneath the peel's rude battlement ;
 And maids and matrons dropp'd the tear,
 While ready warriors seiz'd the spear.
 From Branksome's towers, the watchman's eye
 Dun wreaths of distant smoke can spy, 10
 Which, curling in the rising sun,
 Show'd southern ravage was begun.

IV.

Now loud the heedful gate-ward cried—
 " Prepare ye all for blows and blood !
 Watt Tinlinn, from the Liddel-side, 15
 Comes wading through the flood.
 Full oft the Tynedale snatchers knock
 At his lone gate, and prove the lock ;
 It was but last St. Barnabright
 They sieged him a whole summer night, 20
 But fled at morning : well they knew
 In vain he never twang'd the yew.
 Right sharp has been the evening shower
 That drove him from his Liddel tower ;
 And, by my faith," the gate-ward said, 25
 " I think 'twill prove a Warden-Raid."

V.

While thus he spoke, the bold yeoman
 Entered the echoing barbican.
 He led a small and shaggy nag,

That through a bog, from hag to hag,
 Could bound like any Billhope stag.
 It bore his wife and children twain ;
 A half-clothed serf was all their train :
 His wife, stout, ruddy, and dark-brow'd, 5
 Of silver brooch and bracelet proud,
 Laughed to her friends among the crowd.
 He was of stature passing tall,
 But sparely formed, and lean withal ;
 A batter'd morion on his brow ; 10
 A leather jack, as fence enow,
 On his broad shoulders loosely hung ;
 A Border axe behind was slung ;
 His spear, six Scottish ells in length,
 Seemed newly dyed with gore ; 15
 His shafts and bow, of wondrous strength,
 His hardy partner bore.

VI.

Thus to the Ladye did Tinlinn show
 The tidings of the English foe :—
 “Belted Will Howard is marching here, 20
 And hot Lord Dacre, with many a spear,
 And all the German hackbut-men,
 Who have long lain at Askerten :
 They cross'd the Liddel at curfew hour,
 And burned my little lonely tower : 25
 The fiend receive their souls therefor !
 It had not been burnt this year and more.
 Barn-yard and dwelling, blazing bright,
 Served to guide me on my flight ;
 But I was chased the livelong night. 30
 Black John of Akeshaw, and Fergus Græme,
 Fast upon my traces came,
 Until I turned at Priestthaugh Scrogg,

IX.

An aged Knight, to danger steel'd,
 With many a moss-trooper came on ;
 And azure in a golden field
 The stars and crescent graced his shield,
 Without the bend of Murdieston. 5
 Wide lay his lands round Oakwood tower,
 And wide round haunted Castle-Ower ;
 High over Borthwick's mountain flood,
 His wood-embosom'd mansion stood ;
 In the dark glen, so deep below, 10
 The herds of plunder'd England low ;
 His bold retainers' daily food,
 And bought with danger, blows, and blood.
 Marauding chief ! his sole delight
 The moonlight raid, the morning fight ; 15
 Not even the flower of Yarrow's charms,
 In youth, might tame his rage for arms ;
 And still, in age, he spurn'd at rest,
 And still his brows the helmet press'd,
 Albeit the blanchèd locks below 20
 Were white as Dinlay's spotless snow :
 Five stately warriors drew the sword
 Before their father's band ;
 A braver knight than Harden's lord
 Ne'er belted on a brand. 25

X.

Scotts of Eskdale, a stalwart band,
 Came trooping down the Todshaw-hill ;
 By the sword they won their land,
 And by the sword they hold it still.
 Hearken, Ladye, to the tale, 30
 How thy sires won fair Eskdale.—

Earl Morton was lord of that valley fair,
 The Beattisons were his vassals there.
 The Earl was gentle and mild of mood,
 The vassals were warlike, and fierce, and rude;
 High of heart, and haughty of word, 5
 Little they reck'd of a tame liege Lord
 The Earl into fair Eskdale came
 Homage and seignory to claim :
 Of Gilbert the Galliard a heriot he sought,
 Saying, "Give thy best steed, as a vassal ought". 10
 —"Dear to me is my bonny white steed,
 Oft has he help'd me at pinch of need ;
 Lord and Earl though thou be, I trow,
 I can rein Bucksfoot better than thou."—
 Word on word gave fuel to fire, 15
 Till so highly blazed the Beattisons' ire,
 But that the Earl the flight had ta'en,
 The vassals there their lord had slain.
 Sore he plied both whip and spur,
 As he urged his steed through Eskdale muir; 20
 And it fell down a weary weight,
 Just on the threshold of Branksome gate.

XI.

The Earl was a wrathful man to see,
 Full fain avenged would he be.
 In haste to Branksome's Lord he spoke, 25
 Saying, "Take these traitors to thy yoke ;
 For a cast of hawks, and a purse of gold,
 All Eskdale I'll sell thee, to have and hold :
 Beshrew thy heart, of the Beattisons' clan
 If thou leavest on Eske a landed man; 30
 But spare Woodkerrick's lands alone,
 For he lent me his horse to escape upon".

A glad man then was Branksome bold,
 Down he flung him the purse of gold ;
 To Eskdale soon he spurr'd amain,
 And with him five hundred riders has ta'en.
 He left his merry men in the mist of the hill, 5
 And bade them hold them close and still ;
 And alone he wended to the plain,
 To meet with the Galliard and all his train.
 To Gilbert the Galliard thus he said :
 " Know thou me for thy liege-lord and head ; 10
 Deal not with me as with Morton tame,
 For Scotts play best at the roughest game.
 Give me in peace my heriot due,
 Thy bonny white steed, or thou shalt rue.
 If my horn I three times wind, 15
 Eskdale shall long have the sound in mind."

XII.

Loudly the Beattison laughed in scorn ;
 " Little care we for thy winded horn.
 Ne'er shall it be the Galliard's lot
 To yield his steed to a haughty Scott. 20
 Wend thou to Branksome back on foot,
 With rusty spur and miry boot."—
 He blew his bugle so loud and hoarse,
 That the dun deer started at fair Craikeross ;
 He blew again so loud and clear, 25
 Through the grey mountain mist there did lances appear ;
 And the third blast rang with such a din,
 That the echoes answer'd from Pentoun-linn,
 And all his riders came lightly in.
 Then had you seen a gallant shock, 30
 When saddles were emptied, and lances broke !
 For each scornful word the Galliard had said,
 A Beattison on the field was laid.

His own good sword the chieftain drew,
 And he bore the Galliard through and through;
 Where the Beattisons' blood mix'd with the rill
 The Galliard's Haugh, men call it still.
 The Scotts have scatter'd the Beattison clan, 5
 In Eskdale they left but one landed man.
 The valley of Eske, from the mouth to the source,
 Was lost and won for that bonny white horse.

XIII.

Whitslade the Hawk, and Headshaw came,
 And warriors more than I may name. 10
 From Yarrow-cleuch to Hindhaugh-swaire,
 From Woodhouselee to Chester-glen.
 Troop'd man and horse, and bow and spear;
 Their gathering word was Bellenden.
 And better hearts o'er Border sod 15
 To siege or rescue never rode.
 The Ladye mark'd the aids come in,
 And high her heart of pride arose:
 She bade her youthful son attend,
 That he might know his father's friend, 20
 And learn to face his foes.
 "The boy is ripe to look on war;
 I saw him draw a cross-bow stiff,
 And his true arrow struck afar
 The raven's nest upon the cliff; 25
 The red cross on a southern breast,
 Is broader than the raven's nest;
 Thou, Whitslade, shall teach him his weapon to wield,
 And o'er him hold his father's shield".—

XIV.

Well may you think, the wily page 30
 Cared not to face the Ladye sage.

He counterfeited childish fear,
 And shriek'd and shed full many a tear,
 And moan'd and plain'd in manner wild.
 The attendants to the Lady told;
 Some fairy, sure, had changed the child, 5
 That wont to be so free and bold.
 Then wrathful was the noble Dame;
 She blush'd blood-red for very shame :—
 "Hence! ere the clan his faintness view;
 Hence with the weakling to Buccleuch!— 10
 Watt Tinlinn, thou shalt be his guide
 To Rangleburn's lonely side.—
 Sure some fell fiend has cursed our line,
 That coward should e'er be son of mine!"—

XV.

A heavy task Watt Tinlinn had, 15
 To guide the counterfeited lad.
 Soon as the palfrey felt the weight
 Of that ill-omen'd elfish freight,
 He bolted, sprung, and rear'd amain,
 Nor heeded bit, nor curb, nor rein. 20
 It cost Watt Tinlinn mickle toil
 To drive him but a Scottish mile;
 But as a shallow brook they cross'd,
 The elf, amid the running stream,
 His figure chang'd like form in dream, 25
 And fled, and shouted, "Lost! lost! lost!"
 Full fast the urchin ran and laugh'd,
 But faster still a cloth-yard shaft
 Whistled from startled Tinlinn's yew,
 And pierced his shoulder through and through. 30
 Although the imp might not be slain,
 And though the wound soon heal'd again,
 Yet, as he ran, he yell'd for pain;

And Watt of Tinlinn, much aghast,
Rode back to Branksome fiery fast.

XVI.

Soon on the hill's steep verge he stood,
That looks o'er Branksome's towers and wood ;
And martial murmurs, from below, 5
Proclaim'd the approaching southern foe.
Through the dark wood, in mingled tone.
Were Border pipes and bugles blown ;
The coursers' neighing he could ken,
And measured tread of marching men ; 10
While broke at times the solemn hum,
The Almayn's sullen kettle-drum ;
And banners tall, of crimson sheen,
Above the copse appear ;
And, glistening through the hawthornz green. 15
Shine helm, and shield, and spear.

XVII.

Light forayers, first, to view the ground,
Spurr'd their fleet coursers loosely round ;
Behind, in close array, and fast,
The Kendal archers, all in green, 20
Obedient to the bugle blast,
Advancing from the wood were seen.
To back and guard the archer band,
Lord Dacre's bill-men were at hand :
A hardy race, on Irthing bred, 25
With kirtles white, and crosses red,
Array'd beneath the bapner tall,
That stream'd o'er Acre's conquer'd wall ;
And minstrels, as they march'd in order,
Play'd, " Noble Lord Dacre, he dwells on the Border". 30

XVIII.

Behind the English bill and bow,
 The mercenaries, firm and slow,
 Moved on to fight, in dark array,
 By Conrad led of Wolfenstein,
 Who brought the band from distant Rhine, 5
 And sold their blood for foreign pay.
 The camp their home, their law the sword,
 They knew no country, own'd no lord :
 They were not arm'd like England's sons,
 But bore the levin-darting guns ; 10
 Buff coats, all frounced and 'broidered o'er,
 And morsing-horns and scarfs they wore ;
 Each better knee was bared, to aid
 The warriors in the escalade ;
 All, as they march'd, in rugged tongue, 15
 Songs of Teutonic feuds they sung.

XIX.

But louder still the clamour grew,
 And louder still the minstrels blew,
 When, from beneath the greenwood tree,
 Rode forth Lord Howard's chivalry ; 20
 His men-at-arms, with glaive and spear,
 Brought up the battle's glittering rear.
 There many a youthful knight, full keen
 To gain his spurs, in arms was seen ;
 With favour in his crest, or glove, 25
 Memorial of his ladye-love.
 So rode they forth in fair array,
 Till full their lengthen'd lines display ;
 Then call'd a halt, and made a stand,
 And cried, " St. George, for merry England ! " 30

XX.

Now every English eye intent
 On Branksome's armèd towers was bent ;
 So near they were, that they might know
 The straining harsh of each cross-bow ;
 On battlement and bartizan 5
 Gleam'd axe, and spear, and partisan ;
 Falcon and culver, on each tower,
 Stood prompt their deadly hail to shower ;
 And flashing armour frequent broke
 From eddying whirls of sable smoke, 10
 Where upon tower and turret head,
 The seething pitch and molten lead
 Reek'd, like a witch's cauldron red.
 While yet they gaze, the bridges fall,
 The wicket opes, and from the wall 15
 Rides forth the hoary Seneschal.

XXI.

Armèd he rode, all save the head,
 His white beard o'er his breast-plate spread ;
 Unbroke by age, erect his seat,
 He ruled his eager courser's gait ; 20
 Forced him, with chasten'd fire, to prance,
 And, high curvetting, slow advance :
 In sign of truce, his better hand
 Display'd a peelèd willow wand ;
 His squire, attending in the rear, 25
 Bore high a gauntlet on a spear.
 When they espied him riding out,
 Lord Howard and Lord Dacre stout
 Sped to the front of their array,
 To hear what this old knight should say. 30

XXII.

"Ye English warden lords, of you
 Demands the Ladye of Buccleuch,
 Why 'gainst the truce of Border tide,
 In hostile guise ye dare to ride,
 With Kendal bow, and Gilsland brand, 5
 And all yon mercenary band,
 Upon the bounds of fair Scotland?
 My Ladye reads you swith return;
 And, if but one poor straw you burn,
 Or do our towers so much molest 10
 As scare one swallow from her nest,
 St. Mary! but we'll light a brand
 Shall warm your hearths in Cumberland."—

XXIII.

A wrathful man was Dacre's lord,
 But calmer Howard took the word : 15
 "May't please thy Dame, Sir Seneschal,
 To seek the castle's outward wall,
 Our pursuivant-at-arms shall show
 Both why we came, and when we go".—
 The message sped, the noble Dame 20
 To the wall's outward circle came;
 Each chief around lean'd on his spear,
 To see the pursuivant appear.
 All in Lord Howard's livery dress'd,
 The lion argent deck'd his breast; 25
 He led a boy of blooming hue—
 O sight to meet a mother's view!
 It was the heir of great Buccleuch.
 Obeisance meet the herald made,
 And thus his master's will he said :— 30

XXIV.

"It irks, high Dame, my noble Lords,
 'Gainst Ladye fair to draw their swords ;
 But yet they may not tamely see,
 All through the Western Wardenry,
 Your law-contemning kinsmen ride, 5
 And burn and spoil the Border-side ;
 And ill beseems your rank and birth
 To make your towers a flemens-firth.
 We claim from thee William of Deloraine,
 That he may suffer march-treason pain. 10
 It was but last St. Cuthbert's even
 He prick'd to Stapelton on Leven,
 Harried the lands of Richard Musgrave,
 And slew his brother by dint of glaive.
 Then, since a lone and widow'd Dame 15
 These restless riders may not tame,
 Either receive within thy towers
 Two hundred of my master's powers,
 Or straight they sound their warrison,
 And storm and spoil thy garrison : 20
 And this fair boy, to London led,
 Shall good King Edward's page be bred."

XXV.

He ceased—and loud the boy did cry,
 And stretched his little arms on high ;
 Implored for aid each well-known face, 25
 And strove to seek the Dame's embrace.
 A moment changed that Ladye's cheer,
 Gush'd to her eye the unbidden tear :
 She gazed upon the leaders round,
 And dark and sad each warrior frown'd, 30
 Then, deep within her sobbing breast
 She lock'd the struggling sigh to rest ;

6 *

Unalter'd and collected stood,
And thus replied, in dauntless mood :—

XXVI.

“ Say to your Lords of high emprise,
Who war on women and on boys,
That either William of Deloraine 5
Will cleanse him, by oath, of march-treason stain,
Or else he will the combat take
'Gainst Musgrave, for his honour's sake.
No knight in Cumberland so good,
But William may count with him kin and blood. 10
Knighthood he took of Douglas' sword,
When English blood swell'd Ancrum's ford ;
And but Lord Dacre's steed was wight.
And bare him ably in the flight,
Himself had seen him dubb'd a knight. 15
For the young heir of Branksome's line,
God be his aid, and God be mine ;
Through me no friend shall meet his doom.
Here, while I live, no foe finds room.
Then, if thy Lords their purpose urge, 20
Take our defiance loud and high ;
Our slogan is their lyke-wake dirge,
Our moat, the grave where they shall lie.”

XXVII.

Proud she look'd round, applause to claim—
Then lighten'd Thirlestane's eye of flame ; 25
His bugle Watt of Harden blew,
Pensils and pennons wide were flung,
To heaven the Border slogan rung,
“ St. Mary for the young Buccleuch ! ”
The English war-cry answered wide, 30
And forward bent each southern spear ;

Each Kendal archer made a stride,
 And drew the bowstring to his ear;
 Each minstrel's war-note loud was blown;—
 But, ere a grey-goose shaft had flown,
 A horseman gallop'd from the rear. 5

XXVIII.

"Ah! noble Lords!" he breathless said,
 "What treason has your march betray'd,
 What make you here, from aid so far,
 Before you, walls, around you, war?
 Your foemen triumph in the thought, 10
 That in the toils the lion's caught.
 Already on dark Ruberslaw
 The Douglas holds his weapon-schaw;
 The lances, waving in his train,
 Clothe the dun heath like autumn grain; 15
 And on the Liddel's northern strand
 To bar retreat to Cumberland,
 Lord Maxwell ranks his merrymen good,
 Beneath the eagle and the rood;
 And Jedwood, Eske, and Teviotdale, 20
 Have to proud Angus come;
 And all the Merse and Lauderdale
 Have risen with haughty Home.
 An exile from Northumberland,
 In Liddesdale I've wandered long; 25
 But still my heart was with merry England,
 And cannot brook my country's wrong;
 And hard I've spurr'd all night to show
 The mustering of the coming foe."—

XXIX.

"And let them come!" fierce Dacre cried; 30
 "For soon yon crest, my father's pride,

That swept the shores of Judah's sea,
 And waved in gales of Galilee,
 From Branksome's highest towers display'd,
 Small mock the rescue's lingering aid !—
 Level each harquebuss on row ;
 Draw, merry archers, draw the bow ;
 Up, bill-men, to the walls, and cry,
 Dacre for England, win or die !"—

5

XXX.

" Yet hear," quoth Howard, " calmly hear,
 Nor deem my words the words of fear :
 For who, in field or foray slack,
 Saw the blanche lion e'er fall back ?
 But thus to risk our Border flower
 In strife against a kingdom's power,
 Ten thousand Scots 'gainst thousands three,
 Certes, were desperate policy.
 Nay, take the terms the Ladye made,
 Ere conscious of the advancing aid ;
 Let Musgrave meet fierce Deloraine
 In single fight ; and, if he gain,
 He gains for us ; but if he's cross'd,
 'Tis but a single warrior lost ;
 The rest, retreating as they came,
 Avoid defeat, and death, and shame."

10

15

20

XXXI.

Ill could the haughty Dacre brook
 His brother Warden's sage rebuke ;
 And yet his forward step he stay'd,
 And slow and sullenly obeyed.
 But ne'er again the Border side
 Did these two lords in friendship ride :
 And this slight discontent, men say,
 Cost blood upon another day.

25

30

XXXII.

The pursuivant-at-arms again
 Before the castle took his stand ;
 His trumpet call'd, with parleying strain.
 The leaders of the Scottish band ;
 And he defied, in Musgrave's right, 5
 Stout Deloraine to single fight.
 A gauntlet at their feet he laid,
 And thus the terms of fight he said :—
 " If in the list good Musgrave's sword
 Vanquish the knight of Deloraine, 10
 Your youthful chieftain, Branksome's Lord,
 Shall hostage for his clan remain :
 If Deloraine foil good Musgrave,
 The boy his liberty shall have.
 Howe'er it falls, the English band, 15
 Unharming Scots, by Scots unharm'd,
 In peaceful march, like men unarm'd,
 Shall straight retreat to Cumberland."

XXXIII.

Unconscious of the near relief,
 The proffer pleased each Scottish chief, 20
 Though much the Ladye sage gainsay'd ;
 For though their hearts were brave and true,
 From Jedwood's recent sack they knew,
 How tardy was the Regent's aid ;
 And you may guess the noble Dame 25
 Durst not the secret prescience own,
 Sprung from the art she might not name,
 By which the coming help was known.
 Closed was the compact, and agreed,
 That lists should be enclosed with speed, 30
 Beneath the castle, on a lawn :
 They fix'd the morrow for the strife,

On foot, with Scottish axe and knife,
 At the fourth hour from peep of dawn ;
 When Deloraine, from sickness freed,
 Or else a champion in his stead,
 Should for himself and chieftain stand, 5
 Against stout Musgrave, hand to hand.

XXXIV.

I know right well, that, in their lay,
 Full many minstrels sing and say,
 Such combat should be made on horse,
 On foaming steed, in full career, 10
 With brand to aid, when as the spear
 Should shiver in the course ;
 But he, the jovial Harper taught
 Me, yet a youth, how it was fought,
 In guise which now I say : 15
 He knew each ordinance and clause
 Of Black Lord Archibald's battle-laws,
 In the old Douglas' day.
 He brook'd not, he, that scoffing tongue
 Should tax his minstrelsy with wrong, 20
 Or call his song untrue :
 For this, when they the goblet plied,
 And such rude taunt had chafed his pride,
 The bard of Reull he slew.
 On Teviot's side, in fight they stood, 25
 And tuneless hands were stain'd with blood ;
 Where still the thorn's white branches wave.
 Memorial o'er his rival's grave.

XXXV.

Why should I tell the rigid doom,
 That dragg'd my master to his tomb ; 30

How Ousenam's maidens tore their hair,
 Wept till their eyes were dead and dim,
 And wrung their hands for love of him,
 Who died at Jedwood Air?

He died!—his scholars one by one, 5
 To the cold silent grave are gone;
 And I, alas! survive alone,
 To muse o'er rivalries of yore,
 And grieve that I shall hear no more
 The strains, with envy heard before; 10
 For, with my minstrel brethren fled,
 My jealousy of song is dead.

He paused: the listening dames again
 Applaud the hoary Minstrel's strain.
 With many a word of kindly cheer,— 15
 In pity half, and half sincere,—
 Marvell'd the Duchess how so well
 His legendary song could tell—
 Of ancient deeds, so long forgot;
 Of feuds, whose memory was not; 20
 Of forests, now laid waste and bare;
 Of towers, which harbour now the hare;
 Of manners, long since changed and gone;
 Of chiefs, who under their grey stone
 So long had slept, that fickle Fame 25
 Had blotted from her rolls their name,
 And twined round some new minion's head
 The fading wreath for which they bled;
 In sooth, 'twas strange, this old man's verse
 Could call them from their marble hearse. 30

The Harper smiled, well pleased; for ne'er
 Was flattery lost on Poet's ear;
 A simple race! they waste their toil
 For the vain tribute of a smile;

E'en when in age their flame expires,
Her dulcet breath can fan its fires:
Their drooping fancy wakes at praise,
And strives to trim the short-lived blaze,
 Smiled, then, well pleased, the Aged Man.
And thus his tale continued ran.

5

CANTO FIFTH.

I.

CALL it not vain :—they do not err,
Who say, that when the Poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies :
Who say, tall cliff and cavern lone, 5
For the departed Bard make moan ;
That mountains weep in crystal rill ;
That flowers in tears of balm distil ;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks, in deeper groan, reply ; 10
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.

II.

Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn
Those things inanimate can mourn ;
But that the stream, the wood, the gale, 15
Is vocal with the plaintive wail
Of those, who, else forgotten long,
Lived in the poet's faithful song,
And, with the poet's parting breath,
Whose memory feels a second death. 20
The Maid's pale shade, who wails her lot,
That love, true love, should be forgot,
From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear
Upon the gentle Minstrel's bier :

The phantom Knight, his glory fled,
 Mourns o'er the field he heap'd with dead,
 Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain,
 And shrieks along the battle-plain.
 The Chief, whose antique crownlet long 5
 Still sparkled in the feudal song,
 Now, from the mountain's misty throne,
 Sees, in the thanedom once his own,
 His ashes undistinguished lie,
 His place, his power, his memory die : 10
 His groans the lonely caverns fill,
 His tears of rage impel the rill ;
 All mourn the Minstrel's harp unstrung,
 Their name unknown, their praise unsung.

III.

Scarcely the hot assault was staid, 15
 The terms of truce were scarcely made,
 When they could spy, from Branksome's towers,
 The advancing march of martial powers.
 Thick clouds of dust afar appear'd,
 And trampling steeds were faintly heard ; 20
 Bright spears above the columns dun,
 Glanced momentary to the sun ;
 And feudal banners fair display'd
 The bands that moved to Branksome's aid.

IV.

Vails not to tell each hardy clan, 25
 From the fair Middle Marches came ;
 The Bloody Heart blazed in the van,
 Announcing Douglas, dreaded name !
 Vails not to tell what steeds did spurn,
 Where the Seven Spears of Wedderburne 30
 Their men in battle-order set ;

And Swinton laid the lance in rest,
 That tamed of yore the sparkling crest
 Of Clarence's Plantagenet.
 Nor list I say what hundreds more,
 From the rich Merse and Lammermore, 5
 And Tweed's fair borders, to the war,
 Beneath the crest of old Dunbar,
 And Hepburn's mingled banners come,
 Down the steep mountain glittering far,
 And shouting still, "A Home! a Home!" 10

V.

Now squire and knight, from Branksome sent,
 On many a courteous message went;
 To every chief and lord they paid
 Meet thanks for prompt and powerful aid;
 And told them,—how a truce was made, 15
 And how a day of fight was ta'en
 'Twixt Musgrave and stout Deloraine;
 And how the Ladye prayed them dear.
 That all would stay the fight to see,
 And deign in love and courtesy, 20
 To taste of Branksome cheer.
 Nor, while they bade to feast each Scot
 Were England's noble Lords forgot.
 Himself, the hoary Seneschal
 Rode forth, in seemly terms to call 25
 Those gallant foes to Branksome Hall.
 Accepted Howard, than whom knight
 Was never dubb'd, more bold in fight;
 Nor, when from war and armour free,
 More famed for stately courtesy: 30
 But angry Dacre rather chose
 In his pavilion to repose.

VI.

Now, noble Dame, perchance you ask,
 How these two hostile armies met?
 Deeming it were no easy task
 To keep the truce which here was set ;
 Where martial spirits, all on fire, 5
 Breathed only blood and mortal ire.—
 By mutual inroads, mutual blows ;
 By habit, and by nation, foes,
 They met on Teviot's strand ;
 They met and sate them mingled down, 10
 Without a threat, without a frown,
 As brothers meet in foreign land :
 The hands, the spear that lately grasp'd,
 Still in the mailed gauntlet clasp'd,
 Were interchanged in greeting dear ; 15
 Visors were raised, and faces shown,
 And many a friend, to friend made known,
 Partook of social cheer.
 Some drove the jolly bowl about ;
 With dice and draughts some chased the day, 20
 And some, with many a merry shout,
 In riot, revelry, and rout,
 Pursued the foot-ball play.

VII.

Yet, be it known, had bugles blown,
 Or sign of war been seen, 25
 Those bands, so fair together ranged,
 Those hands, so frankly interchanged,
 Had dyed with gore the green :
 The merry shout by Teviot-side
 Had sunk in war-cries wild and wide, 30
 And in the groan of death ;

And whingers, now in friendship bare,
 The social meal to part and share,
 Had found a bloody sheath.
 'Twixt truce and war, such sudden change
 Was not infrequent, nor held strange, 5
 In the old Border-day;
 But yet on Branksome's towers and town,
 In peaceful merriment sunk down
 The sun's declining ray.

VIII.

The blithesome signs of wassel gay 10
 Decay'd not with the dying day:
 Soon through the latticed windows tall
 Of lofty Branksome's lordly hall,
 Divided square by shafts of stone,
 Huge flakes of ruddy lustre shone: 15
 Nor less the gilded rafters rang
 With merry harp and beakers' clang:
 And frequent, on the darkening plain,
 Loud hollo, whoop, or whistle ran,
 As bands, their stragglers to regain, 20
 Give the shrill watchword of their clan;
 And revellers o'er their bowls, proclaim
 Douglas' or Dacre's conquering name.

IX.

Less frequent heard, and fainter still,
 At length the various clamours died; 25
 And you might hear, from Branksome hill,
 No sound but Teviot's rushing tide;
 Save when the changing sentinel
 The challenge of his watch could tell;
 And save, where, through the dark profound, 30
 The clanging axe and hammer's sound
 Rung from the nether lawn;

For many a busy hand toil'd there,
 Strong pales to shape, and beams to square,
 The lists' dread barriers to prepare
 Against the morrow's dawn.

X.

Margaret from hall did soon retreat, 5
 Despite the Dame's reproving eye;
 Nor mark'd she, as she left her seat,
 Full many a stifled sigh;
 For many a noble warrior strove
 To win the Flower of Teviot's love, 10
 And many a bold ally.—
 With throbbing head and anxious heart
 All in her lonely bower apart,
 In broken sleep she lay:
 By times, from silken couch she rose; 15
 While yet the banner'd hosts repose,
 She view'd the dawning day:
 Of all the hundreds sunk to rest,
 First woke the loveliest and the best.

XI.

She gazed upon the inner court, 20
 Which in the tower's tall shadow lay;
 Where courser's clang, and stamp, and snort,
 Had rung the livelong yesterday;
 Now still as death; till stalking slow,—
 The jingling spurs announced his tread, 25
 A stately warrior pass'd below;
 But when he raised his plum'd head—
 Blessed Mary! can it be?—
 Secure, as if in Ousenam bowers,
 He walks through Branksome's hostile towers, 30
 With fearless step and free.

She dared not sign, she dared not speak—
Oh ! if one page's slumbers break,

His blood the price must pay !
Not all the pearls Queen Mary wears,
Not Margaret's yet more precious tears, 5
Shall buy his life a day.

XII.

Yet was his hazard small ; for well
You may bethink you of the spell
Of that sly urchin page ; 10
This to his lord he did impart,
And made him seem, by glamour art,
A knight from Hermitage.
Unchalleng'd thus, the warder's post,
The court, unchallenged, thus he cross'd,
For all the vassalage : 15
But O ! what magic's quaint disguise
Could blind fair Margaret's azure eyes !
She started from her seat ;
While with surprise and fear she strove,
And both could scarcely master love— 20
Lord Henry's at her feet.

XIII.

Oft have I mused, what purpose bad
That foul malicious urchin had
To bring this meeting round ;
For happy love's a heavenly sight, 25
And by a vile malignant sprite
In such no joy is found ;
And oft I've deem'd perchance he thought
Their erring passion might have wrought
Sorrow, and sin, and shame ; 30

And death to Cranstoun's gallant Knight.
 And to the gentle ladye bright,
 Disgrace, and loss of fame.
 But earthly spirit could not tell
 The heart of them that loved so well. 5
 True love's the gift which God has given
 To man alone beneath the heaven :
 It is not fantasy's hot fire,
 Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly ;
 It liveth not in fierce desire, 10
 With dead desire it doth not die ;
 It is the secret sympathy,
 The silver link, the silken tie,
 Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
 In body and in soul can bind.— 15
 Now leave we Margaret and her Knight,
 To tell you of the approaching fight.

XIV.

Their warning blasts the bugles blew,
 The pipe's shrill port aroused each clan ;
 In haste, the deadly strife to view, 20
 The trooping warriors eager ran :
 Thick round the lists their lances stood,
 Like blasted pines in Ettrick Wood ;
 To Branksome many a look they threw,
 The combatants' approach to view, 25
 And bandied many a word of boast,
 About the knight each favour'd most.

XV.

Meantime full anxious was the Dame ;
 For now arose disputed claim,
 Of who should fight for Deloraine, 30
 'Twixt Harden and 'twixt Thirlestane ;

They 'gan to reckon kin and rent,
 And frowning brow on brow was bent,
 But yet not long the strife—for, lo!
 Himself, the Knight of Deloraine,
 Strong, as it seem'd, and free from pain, 5
 In armour sheath'd from top to toe,
 Appeared, and craved the combat due.
 The Dame her charm successful knew,
 And the fierce chiefs their claims withdrew.

XVI.

When for the lists they sought the plain. 10
 The stately Lady's silken rein
 Did noble Howard hold;
 Unarm'd by her side he walk'd,
 And much, in courteous phrase, they talk'd
 Of feats of arms of old. 15
 Costly his garb—his Flemish ruff
 Fell o'er his doublet, shaped of buff,
 With satin slash'd and lined;
 Tawny his boot, and gold his spur,
 His cloak was all of Poland fur, 20
 His hose with silver twined;
 His Bilboa blade, by Marchmen felt,
 Hung in a broad and studded belt;
 Hence, in rude phrase, the Borderers still
 Call noble Howard, Belted Will. 25

XVII.

Behind Lord Howard and the Dame,
 Fair Margaret on her palfrey came,
 Whose foot-cloth swept the ground:
 White was her wimple, and her veil,
 And her loose locks a chaplet pale 30
 Of whitest roses bound;

The lordly Angus, by her side,
 In courtesy to cheer her tried ;
 Without his aid, her hand in vain
 Had strove to guide her broider'd rein.
 He deem'd, she shudder'd at the sight
 Of warriors met for mortal fight ;
 But cause of terror, all unguess'd,
 Was fluttering in her gentle breast,
 When, in their chairs of crimson placed,
 The Dame and she the barriers graced.

XVIII.

Prize of the field, the young Buccleuch,
 An English knight led forth to view ;
 Scarce rued the boy his present plight.
 So much he long'd to see the fight.
 Within the lists, in knightly pride,
 High Home and haughty Dacre ride ;
 Their leading staffs of steel they wield,
 As Marshals of the mortal field ;
 While to each knight their care assign'd,
 Like vantage of the sun and wind.
 Then heralds hoarse did loud proclaim,
 In King and Queen, and Warden's name,
 That none, while lasts the strife,
 Should dare, by look, or sign, or word,
 Aid to a champion to afford,
 On peril of his life ;
 And not a breath the silence broke,
 Till thus the alternate Heralds spoke :—

XIX.

ENGLISH HERALD.

"Here standeth Richard of Musgrave,
 Good knight and true, and freely born,

Amends from Deloraine to crave,
 For foul despicable scathe and scorn.
 He sayeth, that William of Deloraine
 Is traitor false by Border laws ;
 This with his sword he will maintain, 5
 So help him God and his good cause ! ”

XX.

SCOTTISH HERALD.

“ Here standeth William of Deloraine,
 Good knight and true, of noble strain,
 Who sayeth, that foul treason’s stain,
 Since he bore arms, ne’er soil’d his coat ; 10
 And that, so help him God above !
 He will on Musgrave’s body prove,
 He lies most foully in his throat.”

LORD DACRE.

“ Forward, brave champions to the fight !
 Sound trumpets ! ” —

LORD HOME.

— “ God defend the right ! ” — 15
 Then Teviot ! how thine echoes rang,
 When bugle-sound and trumpet-clang
 Let loose the martial foes.
 And in mid list, with shield poised high,
 And measured step and wary eye, 20
 The combatants did close.

XXI.

Ill would it suit your gentle ear,
 Ye lovely listeners, to hear
 How to the axe the helms did sound,
 And blood pour’d down from many a wound ; 25
 For desperate was the strife, and long,
 And either warrior fierce and strong.

But, were each dame a listening knight,
 I well could tell how warriors fight !
 For I have seen war's lightning flashing,
 Seen the claymore with bayonet clashing,
 Seen through red blood the war-horse dashing, 5
 And scorn'd, amid the reeling strife.
 To yield a step for death or life.—

XXII.

'Tis done, 'tis done ! that fatal blow
 Has stretch'd him on the bloody plain ;
 He strives to rise—Brave Musgrave, no ! 10
 Thence never shalt thou rise again !
 He chokes in blood—some friendly hand
 Undo the visor's barrèd band,
 Unfix the gorget's iron clasp,
 And give him room for life to gasp ! 15
 O, bootless aid !—haste, holy Friar,
 Haste, ere the sinner shall expire !
 Of all his guilt let him be shriven,
 And smooth his path from earth to heaven !

XXIII.

In haste the holy Friar sped :— 20
 His naked foot was dyed with red.
 As through the lists he ran :
 Unmindful of the shouts on high,
 That hail'd the conqueror's victory,
 He raised the dying man ; 25
 Loose waved his silver beard and hair,
 As o'er him he kneel'd down in prayer ;
 And still the crucifix on high
 He holds before his darkening eye ;
 And still he bends an anxious ear, 30
 His faltering penitence to hear ;

Still props him from the bloody sod,
 Still, even when soul and body part,
 Pours ghostly comfort on his heart,
 And bids him trust in God !
 Unheard he prays ;—the death-pang's o'er ! 5
 Richard of Musgrave breathes no more.

XXIV.

As if exhausted in the fight,
 Or musing o'er the piteous sight,
 The silent victor stands ;
 His beaver did he not unclasp, 10
 Mark'd not the shouts, felt not the grasp
 Of gratulating hands.
 When lo ! strange cries of wild surprise,
 Mingled with seeming terror, rise
 Among the Scottish bands ; 15
 And all, amid the throng'd array
 In panic haste give open way
 To a half-naked ghastly man,
 Who downward from the castle ran :
 He cross'd the barriers at a bound, 20
 And wild and haggard look'd around,
 As dizzy and in pain ;
 And all, upon the armèd ground,
 Knew William of Deloraine !
 Each ladye sprung from seat with speed : 25
 Vaulted each marshal from his steed ;
 " And who art thou," they cried,
 " Who hast this battle fought and won ?"
 His plumèd helm was soon undone—
 " Cranstoun of Teviet-side ! 30
 For this fair prize I've fought and won,"—
 And to the Ladye led her son.

XXV.

Full oft the rescued boy she kiss'd,
 And often press'd him to her breast;
 For, under all her dauntless show,
 Her heart had throbb'd at every blow;
 Yet not Lord Cranstoun deign'd she greet, 5
 Though low he kneel'd at her feet.
 Me lists not tell what words were made,
 What Douglas, Home, and Howard said—
 —For Howard was a generous foe—
 And how the clan united pray'd 10
 The Ladye would the feud forego,
 And deign to bless the nuptial hour
 Of Cranstoun's Lord and Teviot's Flower.

XXVI.

She look'd to river, look'd to hill,
 Thought on the Spirit's prophecy, 15
 Then broke her silence stern and still,—
 “Not you, but Fate, has vanquish'd me;
 Their influence kindly stars may shower
 On Teviot's tide and Branksome's tower,
 For pride is quell'd, and love is free.”— 20
 She took fair Margaret by the hand,
 Who, breathless, trembling, scarce might stand;
 That hand to Cranstoun's lord gave she:—
 “As I am true to thee and thine,
 Do thou be true to me and mine! 25
 This clasp of love our bond shall be;
 For this is your betrothing day,
 And all these noble lords shall stay,
 To grace it with their company.”—

XXVII.

All as they left the listed plain, 30
 Much of the story she did gain;

How Cranstoun fought with Deloraine,
 And of his page, and of the Book
 Which from the wounded knight he took;
 And how he sought her castle high,
 That morn, by help of gramarye; 5
 How, in Sir William's armour dight,
 Stolen by his page, while slept the knight,
 He took on him the single fight.
 But half his tale he left unsaid,
 And linger'd till he join'd the maid.— 10
 Cared not the Ladye to betray
 Her mystic arts in view of day;
 But well she thought, ere midnight came,
 Of that strange page the pride to tame,
 From his foul hands the Book to save, 15
 And send it back to Michael's grave.—
 Needs not to tell each tender word
 'Twixt Margaret and 'twixt Cranstoun's lord;
 Nor how she told of former woes,
 And how her bosom fell and rose, 20
 While he and Musgrave bandied blows.—
 Needs not these lovers' joys to tell:
 One day, fair maids, you'll know them well.

XXVIII.

William of Deloraine, some chance
 Had waken'd from his deathlike trance; 25
 And taught that, in the listed plain,
 Another in his arms and shield,
 Against fierce Musgrave axe did wield,
 Under the name of Deloraine.
 Hence, to the field, unarm'd, he ran, 30
 And hence his presence scared the clan.
 Who held him for some fleeting wraith,
 And not a man of blood and breath.

Not much this new ally he loved,
 Yet, when he saw what hap had proved,
 He greeted him right heartilie :
 He would not waken old debate,
 For he was void of rancorous hate 5
 Though rude, and scant of courtesy ;
 In raids he spilt but seldom blood,
 Unless when men-at-arms withstood,
 Or, as was meet, for deadly feud.
 He ne'er bore grudge for stalwart blow, 10
 Ta'en in fair fight from gallant foe :
 And so 'twas seen of him, e'en now,
 When on dead Musgrave he look'd down ;
 Grief darkened on his rugged brow,
 Though half disguisèd with a frown ; 15
 And, thus, while sorrow bent his head,
 His foeman's epitaph he made :—

XXIX.

" Now, Richard Musgrave, liest thou here !
 I ween my deadly enemy ;
 For if I slew thy brother dear, 20
 Thou slew'st a sister's son to me ;
 And when I lay in dungeon dark,
 Of Naworth's Castle, long months three,
 Till ransom'd for a thousand mark,
 Dark Musgrave, it was long of thee. 25
 And, Musgrave, could our fight be tried,
 And thou wert now alive, as I,
 No mortal man should us divide,
 Till one, or both of us, did die :
 Yet rest thee God ! for well I know 30
 I ne'er shall find a nobler foe.
 In all the northern counties here,
 Whose word is Snaffle, spur, and spear

Thou wert the best to follow gear!
 'Twas pleasure as we look'd behind,
 To see how thou the chase could'st wind,
 Cheer the dark blood-hound on his way,
 And with the bugle rouse the fray! 5
 I'd give the lands of Deloraine,
 Dark Musgrave were alive again."—

XXX.

So mourn'd he, till Lord Dacre's band,
 Were bowning back to Cumberland.
 They raised brave Musgrave from the field, 10
 And laid him on his bloody shield;
 On levell'd lances, four and four,
 By turns, the noble burden bore,
 Before, at times, upon the gale,
 Was heard the Minstrel's plaintive wail; 15
 Behind, four priests, in sable stole,
 Sung requiem for the warrior's soul:
 Around, the horsemen slowly rode;
 With trailing pikes the spearmen trode;
 And thus the gallant knight they bore, 20
 Through Liddesdale to Leven's shore;
 Thence to Holme Coltrame's lofty nave,
 And laid him in his father's grave.

THE harp's wild notes, though hush'd the song,
 The mimic march of death prolong; 25
 Now seems it far, and now a-near,
 Now meets, and now eludes the ear;
 Now seems some mountain side to sweep,
 Now faintly dies in valley deep;
 Seems now as if the Minstrel's wail, 30
 Now the sad requiem, loads the gale;
 Last, o'er the warrior's closing grave,
 Rung the full choir in choral stave.

After due pause, they bade him tell,
Why he, who touched the harp so well,
Should thus, with ill-rewarded toil,
Wander a poor and thankless soil,
When the more generous Southern Land
Would well requite his skilful hand.

5

The Aged Harper, howsoe'er
His only friend, his harp, was dear,
Liked not to hear it rank'd so high
Above his flowing poesy :
Less liked he still, that scornful jeer
Misprised the land he loved so dear ;
High was the sound, as thus again
The bard resumed his minstrel strain.

10

CANTO SIXTH.

I.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd, 5

From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim; 10
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung, 15
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung. ✓

II.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood, 20
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been, 25

Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
 Sole friends thy woods and streams were left :
 And thus I love them better still,
 Even in extremity of ill.
 By Yarrow's streams still let me stray 5
 Though none should guide my feeble way ;
 Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
 Although it chill my withered cheek ;
 Still lay my head by Teviot Stone,
 Though there forgotten and alone, 10
 The Bard may draw his parting groan.

III.

Not scorn'd like me, to Branksome Hall
 The Minstrels came, at festive call ;
 Trooping they came from near and far,
 The jovial priests of mirth and war ; 15
 Alike for feast and fight prepared,
 Battle and banquet both they shared.
 Of late, before each martial clan,
 They blew their death-note in the van,
 But now, for every merry mate, 20
 Rose the portcullis' iron grate ;
 They sound the pipe, they strike the string,
 They dance, they revel, and they sing,
 Till the rude turrets shake and ring.

IV.

Me lists not at this tide declare 25
 The splendour of the spousal rite.
 How muster'd in the chapel fair
 Both maid and matron, squire and knight ;
 Me lists not tell of owches rare,
 Of mantles green, and braided hair, 30
 And kirtles furr'd with miniver ;

What plumage waved the altar round,
 How spurs and ringing chainlets sound ;
 And hard it were for bard to speak
 The changeful hue of Margaret's cheek ;
 That lovely hue which comes and flies, 5
 As awe and shame alternate rise !

V.

Some bards have sung, the Ladye high
 Chapel or altar came not nigh ;
 Nor durst the rites of spousal grace,
 So much she fear'd each holy place. 10
 False slanders these :—I trust right well
 She wrought not by forbidden spell ;
 For mighty words and signs have power
 O'er sprites in planetary hour :
 Yet scarce I praise their venturous part, 15
 Who tamper with such dangerous art.
 But this for faithful truth I say,
 The Ladye by the altar stood,
 Of sable velvet her array,
 And on her head a crimson hood, 20
 With pearls embroider'd and entwined,
 Guarded with gold, with ermine lined ;
 A merlin sat upon her wrist,
 Held by a leash of silken twist.

VI.

The spousal rites were ended soon : 25
 'Twas now the merry hour of noon,
 And in the lofty archèd hall
 Was spread the gorgeous festival.
 Steward and squire, with heedful haste,
 Marshall'd the rank of every guest ; 30

Pages, with ready blade, were there,
 The mighty meal to carve and share :
 O'er capon, heron-shew, and crane,
 And princely peacock's gilded train,
 And o'er the boar-head, garnish'd brave, 5
 And cygnet from St. Mary's wave ;
 O'er ptarmigan and venison,
 The priest had spoke his benison.
 Then rose the riot and the din,
 Above, beneath, without, within ! 10
 For, from the lofty balcony,
 Rung trumpet, shalm, and psaltery :
 Their clanging bowls old warriors quaff'd,
 Loudly they spoke, and loudly laugh'd ;
 Whisper'd young knights, in tone more mild, 15
 To ladies fair ; and ladies smiled.
 The hooded hawks, high perch'd on beam,
 The clamour join'd with whistling scream,
 And flapp'd their wings, and shook their bells,
 In concert with the stag-hounds' yells. 20
 Round go the flasks of ruddy wine,
 From Bordeaux, Orleans, or the Rhine ;
 Their tasks the busy sewers ply,
 And all is mirth and revelry.

VII.

The Goblin Page, omitting still 25
 No opportunity of ill,
 Strove now, while blood ran hot and high,
 To rouse debate and jealousy ;
 Till Conrad, Lord of Wolfenstein,
 By nature fierce, and warm with wine, 30
 And now in humour highly cross'd,
 About some steeds his band had lost,

High words to words succeeding still,
 Smote, with his gauntlet, stout Hunthill;
 A hot and hardy Rutherford,
 Whom men called Dickon Draw-the-sword.
 He took it on the page's saye, 5
 Hunthill had driven these steeds away.
 Then Howard, Home, and Douglas rose,
 The kindling discord to compose :
 Stern Rutherford right little said,
 But bit his glove, and shook his head.— 10
 A fortnight thence, in Inglewood,
 Stout Conrad, cold, and drench'd in blood,
 His bosom gored with many a wound,
 Was by a woodman's lyme-dog found;
 Unknown the manner of his death, 15
 Gone was his brand, both sword and sheath;
 But ever from that time, 'twas said,
 That Dickon wore a Cologne blade.

VIII.

The dwarf who fear'd his master's eye
 Might his foul treachery espy, 20
 Now sought the castle buttery,
 Where many a yeoman, bold and free,
 Revell'd as merrily and well
 As those that sat in lordly selle.
 Watt Tinlinn, there, did frankly raise 25
 The pledge to Arthur Fire-the-Braes;
 And he, as by his breeding bound,
 To Howard's merry-men sent it round.
 To quit them, on the English side,
 Red Roland Forster loudly cried, 30
 "A deep carouse to yon fair bride".
 At every pledge, from vat and pail,
 Foam'd forth in floods the nut-brown ale;

While shout the riders every one ;
 Such day of mirth ne'er cheered their clan,
 Since old Buccleuch the name did gain,
 When in the cleuch the buck was ta'en.

IX.

The wily page, with vengeful thought,	5
Remember'd him of Tinlinn's yew,	
And swore, it would be dearly bought	
That ever he the arrow drew.	
First, he the yeoman did molest,	
With bitter gibe and taunting jest ;	10
Told, how he fled at Solway strife,	
And how Hob Armstrong cheer'd his wife ;	
Then, shunning still his powerful arm,	
At unawares he wrought him harm ;	
From trencher stole his choicest cheer,	15
Dash'd from his lips his can of beer ;	
Then, to his knee sly creeping on,	
With bodkin pierc'd him to the bone :	
The venom'd wound, and festering joint,	
Long after rued that bodkin's point.	20
The startled yeoman swore and spurn'd,	
And board and flagons overturn'd.	
Riot and clamour wild began :	
Back to the hall the Urchin ran ;	
Took in a darkling nook his post,	25
And grinn'd and mutter'd, "Lost! lost! lost!"	

X.

By this, the Dame, lest further fray	
Should mar the concord of the day,	
Had bid the Minstrels tune their lay.	
And first stept forth old Albert Græme,	30
The Minstrel of that ancient name ;	

Was none who struck the harp so well,
 Within the Land Debateable ;
 Well friended, too, his hardy kin,
 Whoever lost, were sure to win ;
 They sought the beeves that made their broth, 5
 In Scotland and in England both.
 In homely guise, as nature bade,
 His simple song the Borderer said.

XI.

ALBERT GRÆME.

It was an English ladye bright,
 (The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall), 10
 And she would marry a Scottish knight,
 For Love will still be lord of all.

Blithely they saw the rising sun,
 When he shone fair on Carlisle wall,
 But they were sad ere day was done, 15
 Though Love was still the lord of all.

Her sire gave brooch and jewel fine,
 Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall ;
 Her brother gave but a flask of wine,
 For ire that Love was lord of all. 20

For she had lands, both meadow and lea,
 Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall ;
 And he swore her death, ere he would see
 A Scottish knight the lord of all !

XII.

That wine she had not tasted well 25
 (The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall),
 When dead, in her true love's arms, she fell,
 For Love was still the lord of all !

He pierced her brother to the heart,
 Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall;—
 So perish all would true love part,
 That Love may still be lord of all.

And then he took the cross divine, 5
 (Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall),
 And died for her sake in Palestine;
 So Love was still the lord of all.

Now all ye lovers, that faithful prove, 10
 (The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall),
 Pray for their souls who died for love,
 For Love shall still be lord of all!

XIII.

As ended Albert's simple lay,
 Arose a bard of loftier port;
 For sonnet, rhyme, and roundelay, 15
 Renown'd in haughty Henry's court:
 There rung thy harp, unrivall'd long,
 Fitztraver of the silver song!
 The gentle Surrey loved his lyre—
 Who has not heard of Surrey's fame! 20
 His was the hero's soul of fire,
 And his the bard's immortal name,
 And his was love, exalted high
 By all the glow of chivalry.

XIV.

They sought, together, climes afar, 25
 And oft, within some olive grove,
 When even came with twinkling star,
 They sung of Surrey's absent love.

His step the Italian peasant stay'd,
 And deem'd that spirits from on high,
 Round where some hermit saint was laid,
 Were breathing heavenly melody;
 sweet did harp and voice combine, 5
 praise the name of Geraldine.

XV.

Fitztraver! O what tongue may say
 The pangs thy faithful bosom knew,
 When Surrey, of the deathless lay,
 Ungrateful Tudor's sentence slew? 10
 Regardless of the tyrant's frown,
 His harp call'd wrath and vengeance down.
 He left for Naworth's iron towers,
 Windsor's green glades, and courtly bowers,
 And, faithful to his patron's name, 15
 With Howard still Fitztraver came;
 Lord William's foremost favourite he,
 And chief of all his minstrelsy.

XVI.

FITZTRAVER.

'Twas All-souls' eve, and Surrey's heart beat high;
 He heard the midnight bell with anxious start, 20
 Which told the mystic hour, approaching nigh
 When wise Cornelius promised, by his art,
 To show to him the ladye of his heart,
 Albeit betwixt them roar'd the ocean grim;
 Yet so the sage had hight to play his part, 25
 That he should see her form in life and limb,
 And mark, if still she loved, and still she thought of him.

XVII.

Dark was the vaulted room of gramarye,
 To which the wizard led the gallant Knight.
 Save that before a mirror, huge and high,
 A hallow'd taper shed a glimmering light
 On mystic implements of magic might;
 On cross, and character, and talisman,
 And almagest, and altar, nothing bright:
 For fitful was the lustre, pale and wan,
 As watch-light by the bed of some departing man.

5

XVIII.

But soon, within that mirror huge and high,
 Was seen a self-emitted light to gleam;
 And forms upon its breast the Earl 'gan spy
 Cloudy and indistinct, as feverish dream;
 Till, slow arranging, and defined, they seem
 To form a lordly and a lofty room,
 Part lighted by a lamp with silver beam,
 Placed by a couch of Agra's silken loom,
 And part by moonshine pale, and part was hid in gloom.

10

15

XIX.

Fair all the pageant—but how passing fair
 The slender form which lay on couch of Ind!
 O'er her white bosom stray'd her hazel hair,
 Pale her dear cheek, as if for love she pined;
 All in her night-robe loose she lay reclined,
 And, pensive, read from tablet eburnine,
 Some strain that seem'd her inmost soul to find:—
 That favour'd strain was Surrey's raptured line,
 That fair and lovely form, the Lady Geraldine.

20

25

XX.

Slow roll'd the clouds upon the lovely form,
 And swept the goodly vision all away—

So royal envy roll'd the murky storm
 O'er my belovèd Master's glorious day.
 Thou jealous ruthless tyrant! Heaven repay
 On thee, and on thy children's latest line,
 The wild caprice of thy despotic sway, 5
 The gory bridal bed, the plunder'd shrine,
 The murder'd Surrey's blood, the tears of Geraldine!

XXI.

Both Scots, and Southern chiefs, prolong
 Applauses of Fitztraver's song :
 These hated Henry's name as death, 10
 And those still held the ancient faith.—
 Then, from his seat with lofty air,
 Rose Harold, bard of brave St. Clair ;
 St. Clair, who, feasting high at Home,
 Had with that lord to battle come. 15
 Harold was born where restless seas
 Howl round the storm-swept Orcades ;
 Where erst St. Clairs held princely sway
 O'er isle and islet, strait and bay ;—
 Still nods their palace to its fall, 20
 Thy pride and sorrow, fair Kirkwall !
 Thence oft he marked fierce Pentland rave,
 As if grim Odin rode her wave ;
 And watch'd, the whilst, with visage pale,
 And throbbing heart, the struggling sail ; 25
 For all of wonderful and wild
 Had rapture for the lonely child.

XXII.

And much of wild and wonderful
 In these rude isles might fancy cull ;
 For thither came, in times afar, 30
 Stern Lochlin's sons of roving war,

The Norsemen train'd to spoil and blood,
 Skill'd to prepare the raven's food ;
 Kings of the main their leaders brave,
 Their barks the dragons of the wave.
 And there, in many a stormy vale, 5
 The Scald had told his wondrous tale ;
 And many a Runic column high
 Had witnessed grim idolatry.
 And thus had Harold, in his youth, 10
 Learn'd many a Saga's rhyme uncouth,—
 Of that Sea-Snake, tremendous curl'd,
 Whose monstrous circle girds the world ;
 Of those dread Maids, whose hideous yell
 Maddens the battle's bloody swell ; 15
 Of Chiefs, who, guided through the gloom
 By the pale death-lights of the tomb,
 Ransack'd the graves of warriors old,
 Their falchions wrench'd from corpses' hold,
 Waked the deaf tomb with war's alarms,
 And bade the dead arise to arms ! 20
 With war and wonder all on flame,
 To Roslin's bowers young Harold came,
 Where, by sweet glen and greenwood tree,
 He learn'd a milder minstrelsy ;
 Yet something of the Northern spell 25
 Mix'd with the softer numbers well.

XXIII.

HAROLD.

O listen, listen, ladies gay .
 No haughty feat of arms I tell :
 Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
 That mourns the lovely Rosabelle, 30

“ Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew !
 And, gentle ladye, deign to stay !
 Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
 Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

The blackening wave is edged with white ; 5
 To inch and rock the sea-mews fly ;
 The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
 Whose screams forbode that wreck is nigh.

Last night the gifted Seer did view
 A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay ; 10
 Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch ;
 Why cross the gloomy firth to-day ? ” —

“ ’Tis not because Lord Lindesay’s heir
 To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
 But that my ladye-mother there 15
 Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

’Tis not because the ring they ride,
 And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
 But that my sire the wine will chide,
 If ’tis not fill’d by Rosabelle.” — 20

O’er Roslin all that dreary night,
 A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;
 ’Twas broader than the watch-fire’s light,
 And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin’s castled rock, 25
 It ruddied all the copse-wood glen ;
 ’Twas seen from Dryden’s groves of oak,
 And seen from cavern’d Hawthornden.

Seem’d all on fire that chapel proud,
 Where Roslin’s chiefs uncoffin’d lie 30

Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale ;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

5

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

10

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle ;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle !

And each St. Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell ;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung,
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle !

15

XXIV.

So sweet was Harold's piteous lay,
Scarce mark'd the guests the darkened hall,
Though, long before the sinking day,
A wondrous shade involved them all :

20

It was not eddying-mist or fog,
Drain'd by the sun from fen or bog ;
Of no eclipse had sages told ;

25

And yet, as it came on apace,
Each one could scarce his neighbour's face,
Could scarce his own stretch'd hand behold,
A secret horror check'd the feast,
And chill'd the soul of every guest ;

30

Even the high Dame stood half aghast,
 She knew some evil on the blast ;
 The elvish page fell to the ground,
 And, shuddering, mutter'd, " Found ! found ! found ! "

XXV.

Then sudden, through the darken'd air 5
 A flash of lightning came ;
 So broad, so bright, so red the glare,
 The castle seem'd on flame.
 Glanced every rafter of the hall,
 Glanced every shield upon the wall ; 10
 Each trophied beam, each sculptured stone,
 Were instant seen, and instant gone ;
 Full through the guests' bedazzled band
 Resistless flash'd the levin-brand,
 And fill'd the hall with smouldering smoke, 15
 As on the elvish page it broke.
 It broke with thunder long and loud,
 Dismay'd the brave, appall'd the proud,—
 From sea to sea the larum rung ;
 On Berwick wall, and at Carlisle withal, 20
 To arms the startled warders sprung.
 When ended was the dreadful roar,
 The elvish dwarf was seen no more !

XXVI.

Some heard a voice in Branksome Hall,
 Some saw a sight, not seen by all ; 25
 That dreadful voice was heard by some,
 Cry, with loud summons, " GYLBIN, COME ! "
 And on the spot where burst the brand,
 Just where the page had flung him down,
 Some saw an arm, and some a hand, 30
 And some the waving of a gown.

The guests in silence prayed and shook
 And terror dimm'd each lofty look.
 But none of all the astonished train
 Was so dismay'd as Deloraine :
 His blood did freeze, his brain did burn, 5
 'Twas fear'd his mind would ne'er return ;
 For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,
 Like him of whom the story ran,
 Who spoke the spectre-hound in Man.
 At length, by fits, he darkly told, 10
 With broken hint, and shuddering cold—
 That he had seen right certainly,
A shape with amice wrapp'd around,
With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,
 Like pilgrim from beyond the sea ; 15
 And knew—but how it matter'd not—
 It was the wizard, Michael Scott.

XXVII.

The anxious crowd, with horror pale,
 All trembling heard the wondrous tale ;
 No sound was made, no word was spoke, 20
 Till noble Angus silence broke ;
 And he a solemn sacred plight
 Did to St. Bride of Douglas make,
 That he a pilgrimage would take,
 To Melrose Abbey, for the sake 25
 Of Michael's restless sprite.
 Then each, to ease his troubled breast,
 To some bless'd saint his prayers address'd
 Some to St. Modan made their vows,
 Some to St. Mary of the Lowes, 30
 Some to the Holy Rood of Lisle,
 Some to our Ladye of the Isle ;

Each did his patron witness make,
 That he such pilgrimage would take,
 And monks should sing, and bells should toll,
 All for the weal of Michael's soul.
 While vows were ta'en, and prayers were pray'd, 5
 'Tis said the noble dame, dismay'd,
 Renounced, for aye, dark magic's aid.

XXVIII.

Nought of the bridal will I tell,
 Which after in short space befell ;
 Nor how brave sons and daughters fair 10
 Bless'd Teviot's Flower, and Cranstoun's heir :
 After such dreadful scene, 'twere vain
 To wake the note of mirth again.
 More meet it were to mark the day
 Of penitence, and prayer divine, 15
 When pilgrim-chiefs, in sad array,
 Sought Melrose' holy shrine.

XXIX.

With naked foot, and sackcloth vest,
 And arms enfolded on his breast,
 Did every pilgrim go ; 20
 The standers-by might hear uneath,
 Footstep, or voice, or high-drawn breath,
 Through all the lengthen'd row :
 No lordly look, nor martial stride,
 Gone was their glory, sunk their pride, 25
 Forgotten their renown ;
 Silent and slow, like ghosts they glide
 To the high altar's hallow'd side,
 And there they knelt them down :
 Above the suppliant chieftains wave 30
 The banners of departed brave ;

Beneath the letter'd stones were laid
 The ashes of their fathers dead ;
 From many a garnish'd niche around,
 Stern saints and tortured martyrs frown'd.

XXX.

And slow up the dim aisle afar,	5
With sable cowl and scapular,	
And snow-white stoles, in order due,	
The holy Fathers, two and two,	
In long procession came ;	
Taper, and host, and book they bare,	10
And holy banner flourish'd fair	
With the Redeemer's name.	
Above the prostrate pilgrim band	
The mitred Abbot stretch'd his hand,	
And bless'd them as they kneel'd ;	15
With holy cross he signed them all,	
And pray'd they might be sage in hall,	
And fortunate in field.	
Then mass was sung, and prayers were said,	
And solemn requiem for the dead ;	20
And bells toll'd out their mighty peal,	
For the departed spirit's weal ;	
And ever in the office close	
The hymn of intercession rose ;	
And far the echoing aisles prolong	25
The awful burthen of the song—	
DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA,	
SOLVET SÆCLUM IN FAVILLA ;	
While the pealing organ rung ;	
Were it meet with sacred strain	30
To close my lay, so light and vain,	
Thus the holy Fathers sung :—	

XXXI.

HYMN FOR THE DEAD.

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 What power shall be the sinner's stay?
 How shall we meet that dreadful day?

When, shrivelling like a parched scroll, 5
 The flaming heavens together roll,
 When louder yet, and yet more dread,
 Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

Oh! on that day, that wrathful day, 10
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,
 Be THOU the trembling sinner's stay
 Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

HUSH'D is the harp—the Minstrel gone.
 And did he wander forth alone?
 Alone in indigence and age, 15
 To linger out his pilgrimage?
 No!—close beneath proud Newark's tower,
 Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower;
 A simple hut; but there was seen
 The little garden hedged with green, 20
 The cheerful hearth and lattice clean.
 There shelter'd wanderers, by the blaze,
 Oft heard the tale of other days:
 For much he loved to ope his door,
 And give the aid he begg'd before. 25
 So pass'd the winter's day; but still,
 When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,
 And July's eve, with balmy breath,
 Wav'd the blue-bells on Newark heath;

When throistles sung in Harehead-shaw,
And corn was green on Carterhaugh,
And flourish'd, broad, Blackandro's oak,
The aged Harper's soul awoke !
Then would he sing achievements high, 5
And circumstance of chivalry,
Till the rapt traveller would stay,
Forgetful of the closing day ;
And noble youths the strain to hear,
Forsook the hunting of the deer ; 10
And Yarrow, as he roll'd along,
Bore burden to the Minstrel's song.

NOTES.

INTRODUCTION.

P. 1, l. 8. **Border chivalry**, the deeds of the knights living in the Borderland between England and Scotland.

P. 1, l. 9. **well-a-day!** alas!

P. 1, l. 13. **palfrey**, a riding horse.

P. 1, l. 18. **unpremeditated**. In those happier days he could compose his poems as he sang them.

P. 1, l. 20. **stranger**, William III.

P. 1, l. 21. **bigots of the iron time**, Presbyterians of the days of the Commonwealth.

P. 2, l. 3. **Newark**, a castle on the Yarrow, a tributary of the Tweed.

P. 2, l. 4. **birchen bower**, a garden arbour formed by the birch trees.

P. 2, l. 8. **embattled portal arch**, fortified arched gateway.

P. 2, l. 9. **grate and . . . bar**, the porteallis, a strong grating of wood and iron let down to protect the opening.

P. 2, l. 17. **had known adversity**. She was the widow of the Duke of Monmouth who had been executed after raising a rebellion in 1685.

P. 2, l. 25. **Earl Francis**, the father of the Duchess.

P. 2, l. 26. **Earl Walter**, grandfather of the Duchess.

P. 3, l. 10. **security to please**, the certainty that what he was about to sing would please his audience.

P. 3, l. 12. **Came wildering, etc.**, entered his brain and bewildered him.

P. 3, l. 16. **according glee**, the sounds of the strings were in harmony.

P. 3, l. 18. **he would full fain**, he wished very much.

P. 3, l. 23. **King Charles the good**, Charles I.

P. 3, l. 24. **Holyrood**, the royal palace of Scotland at Edinburgh.

P. 3, l. 33. **ecstasy**, rapture, delight.

P. 3, l. 34. **varying cadence**, the changing tones of the harp.

P. 4, l. 4. **Cold diffidence**, distrust.

P. 4, l. 4. **age's frost**, he had lost the enthusiasm of youth.

P. 4, l. 6. **in faithless memory void**, empty because his memory had failed him.

CANTO I.

- P. 5, l. 3. **spell**, a form of words supposed to possess magical virtues.
- P. 5, l. 5. **Jesu Maria**, an invocation to Jesus and the Virgin Mary.
- P. 5, l. 6. **wight**, person. Cf. **wight** on p. 6, l. 13.
- P. 5, l. 15. **Teviot**, a tributary of the Tweed.
- P. 5, l. 15. **Eskdale-moor**, a district near Branksome.
- P. 6, l. 6. **corslet**, armour to protect the body.
- P. 6, l. 7. **buckler**, shield.
- P. 6, l. 10. **helmet barr'd**, the part of the helmet covering the face consisted of bars.
- P. 6, l. 13. **wight**, nimble, active.
- P. 6, l. 15. **Barbed with frontlet of steel**, protected by armour on the chest and neck.
- P. 6, l. 15. **I trow**, I believe.
- P. 6, l. 16. **Jedwood**, Jedburgh.
- P. 6, l. 19. **dight**, dressed.
- P. 6, l. 23. **St. George's red cross**, the banner of the English.
- P. 6, l. 26. **Scroop, Howard, Percy**. English lords living on the Border.
- P. 6, l. 28. **Warkworth, Naworth, Carlisle**, castles on the English Border.
- P. 7, l. 8. **burghers**, townsmen.
- P. 7, l. 10. **Dunedin**, Edinburgh.
- P. 7, l. 11. **falchion**, a broadsword with curved point.
- P. 7, l. 12. **slogan**, the war-cry or gathering cry of a Scottish clan.
- P. 7, l. 15. **stanch**, stop the flow of.
- P. 7, l. 23. **Ettrick**, tributary of the Tweed.
- P. 8, l. 25. **Mathouse-burn to Melrose**. The Scotts and Carrs first became enemies at the battle of Melrose, 1526.
- P. 8, l. 32. **Bethune's line**. The Bethunes, or Beaton, who came from the French province of Picardy.
- P. 9, l. 1. **art that none may name**, the art of magic.
- P. 9, l. 2. **Padua**, a town in Italy, famous for its teachers of magic.
- P. 9, l. 6. **St. Andrew's**. St. Andrews, a town in Fifeshire, on the east coast of Scotland.
- P. 9, l. 12. **viewless forms of air**, spirits.
- P. 9, l. 18. **scaur**, a steep cliff overhanging a river.
- P. 9, l. 24. **ban-dogs**, large, fierce dogs of the mastiff breed.
- P. 10, l. 8. **Fell**, hill-side.
- P. 10, l. 11. **Craik-cross, Skelfhill-pen**, hills in Teviotdale.
- P. 10, l. 13. **morris**, a rustic dance.
- P. 10, l. 15. **Emerald rings**, rings of darker green, called fairy rings, because they were supposed to be made by the dance of the fairies.

- P. 11, l. 1. **Arthur's wain** } Constellations: groups of stars.
 P. 11, l. 3. **northern Bear** }
 P. 11, l. 4. **Orion** }
- P. 11, l. 28. **moss-troopers**, outlaws dwelling in companies in the mosses or marshes of the Borderland, who lived by robbing and plundering their neighbours.
- P. 11, l. 29. **truncheon**, part of the handle.
- P. 12, l. 2. **foray**, an expedition in search of plunder.
- P. 12, l. 9. **Unicorn's pride**. Pronounce "unicoren". The Unicorn was the badge of the Carr family; the Star and Crescent that of the Scotts.
- P. 12, l. 17. **stark**, powerful.
- P. 12, l. 23. **Eske, Liddel**, rivers flowing into Solway Firth.
- P. 12, l. 28. **matin prime**, daybreak; early morning.
- P. 13, l. 5. **Melrose's holy pile**, the buildings forming Melrose Abbey.
- P. 13, l. 6. **St. Mary's aisle**, a portion of Melrose Abbey.
- P. 13, l. 11. **St. Michael's night**, the feast of St. Michael, 29th September.
- P. 13, l. 13. **Cross of bloody red**. Cf. Canto II., stanza xi., p. 22.
- P. 13, l. 19. **lorn**, lost.
- P. 13, l. 23. **neck-verse**, the beginning of the 51st Psalm. Ability to read this entitled a criminal to benefit of clergy.
- P. 13, l. 28. **Hairibee**, the place of execution of criminals at Carlisle.
- P. 14, l. 3. **barbican**, small watch-tower outside the gate of a castle.
- P. 14, l. 6. **basnet**, helmet.
- P. 14, l. 7. **Peel**, a fortified Border tower.
- P. 14, l. 9. **Moat-hill's mound**, formerly a place of assemblage for the adjacent tribes.
- P. 14, l. 24. **the Roman way**, an old Roman road.
- P. 14, l. 30. **Barnhill**, an outlaw who lived on Minto Crags in Teviotdale.
- P. 15, l. 8. **warbling Doric reed**, pastoral poetry.
- P. 15, l. 12. **Riddel**. This family had lived on the banks of the Aill for more than 1000 years.
- P. 15, l. 13. **Aill**, a tributary of the Teviot.
- P. 15, l. 23. **barded from counter to tail**, defended by armour from the neck to the tail.
- P. 15, l. 28. **daggled**, spotted, stained.
- P. 16, l. 1. **march-man**, one who lives on the *marches* or borderland.
- P. 16, l. 5. **that unhallow'd morn**, the Battle of Halidon, 1526.
- P. 16, l. 7. **royal James**, James V., then a minor.
- P. 16, l. 8. **Prize to the victor**. The struggle was for the guardianship of the king.
- P. 16, l. 12. **reek'd**, smoked.

P. 16, l. 12. **dark Elliot**, a servant of the Laird of Buccleuch.

P. 16, l. 20. **lauds**, songs of praise.

P. 16, l. 23. **that wild harp**, the harp played by Æolus, the god of the winds.

CANTO II.

P. 18, l. 4. **flout**, mock.

P. 18, l. 6. **shafted oriel**, a projecting window with long shafts or frames.

P. 18, l. 10. **framed of ebon and ivory**. The lighted and shaded portions resembled ivory and ebony respectively.

P. 18, l. 11. **imagery**, the statues and carving generally.

P. 18, l. 12. **the scrolls**, etc. The buttresses contained niches for statues of saints, labelled with scrolls bearing *texts*.

P. 18, l. 16. **David's ruin'd pile**. David I. liberally endowed Melrose Abbey.

P. 19, l. 4. **fence**, guard, protect.

P. 19, l. 15. **aventayle**, the part of the helmet which lifts up to expose the face.

P. 20, l. 8. **dree**, suffer, endure.

P. 20, l. 14. **patter**, to say over quickly and carelessly.

P. 20, l. 14. **Ave Mary**, a prayer to the Virgin Mary.

P. 20, l. 16. **can I none**, know I none.

P. 21, l. 5. **streamers**, columns of light shooting through the air.

P. 21, l. 9. **jennet**, a small Spanish horse.

P. 21, l. 13. **postern**, a small entrance at the back or side of a building.

P. 21, l. 17. **key-stone**, the topmost stone of the arch.

P. 21, l. 18. **fleur-de-lys**, the lily, the royal flower of France.

P. 21, l. 18. **quatre-feuille**, four leaves joined to form a cross.

P. 21, l. 19. **corbells**, stone projections on which the ends of arches rest.

P. 21, l. 21. **capital**, the head of a column or pillar.

P. 21, l. 23. **scutcheon**, a shield for armorial bearings.

P. 21, l. 23. **riven**, torn.

P. 21, l. 28. **Chief of Otterburne**, Earl Douglas, who was killed in battle with Hotspur, 1388.

P. 21, l. 29. **Knight of Liddesdale**, William Douglas, who murdered his friend, Sir Alex. Ramsay.

P. 22, l. 13. **Michael**, leader of the heavenly host against the apostate Satan.

P. 22, l. 21. **Paynim**, Pagan, here probably Saracen.

P. 22, l. 22. **fought beneath the Cross of God**, *i.e.*, as a Crusader.

P. 22, l. 28. **Salamanca**, a town in Spain, considered a favourite residence of magicians.

P. 22, l. 29. **Him listed**, if it pleased him.

- P. 22, l. 30. **Notre Dame**, a cathedral in Paris.
 P. 23, l. 3. **Eildon hills**, near Melrose.
 P. 23, l. 4. **bridled the Tweed**, built a dam across it.
 P. 24, l. 22. **The grave's huge portal to expand**, to open the grave by removing its stone covering.
 P. 25, l. 13. **palmer**, a pilgrim from the Holy Land.
 P. 25, l. 13. **amice**, a long cloth worn round a pilgrim's neck and shoulders.
 P. 25, l. 14. **baldric**, a shoulder belt.
 P. 25, l. 20. **fellest**, most cruel.
 P. 26, l. 9. **those, thou may'st not look upon**, the spirits.
 P. 27, l. 12. **hardihood**, boldness, bravery.
 P. 27, l. 24. **Carter**, a mountain near Jedburgh.
 P. 28, l. 6. **kirtle**, (1) a gown, (2) a short jacket.
 P. 28, l. 12. **lair**, resting place.
 P. 29, l. 13. **a melting tale**, one moving to tears.
 P. 30, l. 16. **rade**, old preterite of *rode*.
 P. 30, l. 26. **litherlie**, wicked, base.
 P. 30, l. 30. **ministry**, help, service.
 P. 30, l. 31. **All between Home and Hermitage**, all persons living on the Scottish border.
 P. 31, l. 3. **Mary's chapel**. Near the source of the Yarrow.
 P. 31, l. 9. **trysting-place**, an arranged place of meeting.
 P. 31, l. 9. **Lee**, or *lea*, a meadow.
 P. 31, l. 17. **void**, empty.
 P. 31, l. 28. **cushat-dove**, the ring-dove.
 P. 31, l. 30. **amain**, with all his power.
 P. 32, l. 6. **blood of Velez' scorched vine**, wine from Velez in the south of Spain.
 P. 32, l. 18. **prelude**, an introduction played on the harp.

CANTO III.

- P. 33, l. 8. **recreant**, traitor.
 P. 34, l. 9. **the crane**, the crest of the Cranstouns was a crane holding a stone in its foot.
 P. 34, l. 18. **vantage-ground**, the most advantageous position.
 P. 35, l. 4. **flinders**, small fragments.
 P. 35, l. 7. **jack**, a coat of mail.
 P. 35, l. 7. **acton**, a leathern jacket worn under the jack.
 P. 35, l. 11. **girthing**, the band by which the saddle is kept in position.
 P. 35, l. 28. **Short shrift**, little time to confess his sins.
 P. 36, l. 14. **curdled gore**, clotted blood.
 P. 36, l. 17. **glamour might**, power of making an object seem different from its real appearance.

- P. 36, l. 22. **sheeling**, a shepherd's hut.
 P. 36, l. 30. **matted head**, his hair was thickly interwoven like a mat.
 P. 37, l. 9. **so mote I thrive**, as I hope to prosper.
 P. 37, l. 18. **wain**, wagon.
 P. 37, l. 24. **gramarye**, magic.
 P. 37, l. 30. **train**, entice.
 P. 38, l. 5. **lurcher**, a kind of hunting dog.
 P. 38, l. 8. **running stream**, it was believed that no enchantment could continue in running water.
 P. 38, l. 10. **vilde**, vile.
 P. 38, l. 23. **grisly**, terrible, fearful.
 P. 40, l. 8. **barret-cap**, a form of soldier's cap.
 P. 40, l. 14. **scantly**, scarcely.
 P. 41, l. 4. **Southron**, an Englishman.
 P. 41, l. 11. **Gramercy**, an exclamation of thanks and surprise.
 P. 42, l. 1. **tire**, head-dress.
 P. 42, l. 3. **bandelier**, leathern belt for holding the musket and powder and shot.
 P. 42, l. 4. **hackbutèer**, a soldier armed with a hackbut or arquebuse, an old form of musket.
 P. 42, l. 27. **salved**, covered with ointment.
 P. 43, l. 22. **Pen**, a mountain peak.
 P. 44, l. 6. **cresset**, an iron basket for holding a fire.
 P. 44, l. 11. **Seneschal**, steward.
 P. 44, l. 15. **bale of fire**, beacon-fire.
 P. 44, l. 16. **Priesthaugh-swire**, one of the beacon hills.
 P. 45, l. 14. **need-fire**, the beacon.
 P. 45, l. 25. **tarn**, a small mountain lake.
 P. 45, l. 26. **earn**, an eagle.
 P. 45, l. 27. **cairn's grey pyramid**, a pile of stones marking the burial place (*urn*) of some chieftains.
 P. 45, l. 30. **Soltra and Dumpender Law** are beacon hills.
 P. 45, l. 32. **bowne**, to prepare hurriedly.
 P. 46, l. 24. **black mail**, money paid to freebooters as a means of protection from being plundered.

CANTO IV.

- P. 48, l. 20. **great Dundee and Græme** (l. 25) refer to Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, killed at Killiecrankie, 1689.
 P. 49, l. 19. **St. Barnabright**, 11th June, the Feast of St. Barnabas.
 P. 49, l. 26. **Warden-Raid**, a raid commanded by the governor of the Border.
 P. 50, l. 1. **hag**, a harder mossy tuft of ground in bogland.
 P. 50, l. 2. **Billhope**, in Liddesdale; noted for its bucks and roes.
 P. 50, l. 10. **morion**, a steel helmet.

- P. 50, l. 11. **fence enow**, defence enough.
- P. 50, l. 14. **Scottish ell**, this was 37·2 inches long.
- P. 50, l. 20. **Belted Will Howard**, the English Warden of the western marches. See p. 77, ll. 22-25.
- P. 50, l. 23. **Askerten**, in Cumberland.
- P. 50, l. 33. **Scrogg**, a thicket of stunted bushes.
- P. 51, l. 4. **Fastern's night**, Shrove Tuesday.
- P. 51, l. 18. **cleugh**, a ravine with steep banks.
- P. 51, l. 21. **tressured**, having a plaited border.
- P. 51, l. 22. **Royal James**, James II.
- P. 52, l. 5. **bend**, in heraldry, a bar drawn from the top right to the bottom left corner of a shield.
- P. 52, l. 24. **Harden's lord**, an ancestor of Sir W. Scott, who married Mary Scott (the Flower of Yarrow), and was a noted moss-trooper.
- P. 52, l. 26. **Dinlay, Todshaw-hill, Eskdale, Oakwood and Castle Ower** are all near Branksome.
- P. 53, l. 6. **liege Lord**, a superior lord.
- P. 53, l. 8. **seignory**, the authority of a lord.
- P. 53, l. 9. **Galliard**, a gay lively person.
- P. 53, l. 9. **heriot**, a fine payable under the feudal system to the lord when a tenant died. It generally consisted of the tenant's best horse or cow.
- P. 53, l. 20. **muir**, moor.
- P. 53, l. 27. **a cast of hawks**, a pair.
- P. 55, l. 4. **Haugh**, low-lying, rich meadow land.
- P. 55, l. 11. **swair or swire**, the slope of a hill near its summit.
- P. 55, l. 14. **Bellenden**, the name of the meeting place.
- P. 56, l. 6. **That wont, etc.**, that was accustomed to be.
- P. 56, l. 12. **Rangleburn**. Pronounce "Rangleburen".
- P. 56, l. 21. **mickle**, great.
- P. 56, l. 28. **cloth-yard shaft**, an arrow as long as the yard or stick used for measuring cloth.
- P. 56, l. 29. **yew**, bows were made of yew-wood.
- P. 57, l. 12. **Almayn**, German mercenary soldiers (*cf.* p. 58, ll. 1-16).
- P. 57, l. 17. **forayers**, skirmishers, scouts.
- P. 57, l. 24. **bill**, a battleaxe mounted on a long staff.
- P. 57, l. 25. **Irthing**, a tributary of the Eden.
- P. 57, l. 28. **Acre**. The name Dacre is derived from the exploits of an ancestor at the siege of Acre under Richard I.
- P. 58, l. 10. **levin-darting guns**, guns using powder and shot; *levin* = lightning.
- P. 58, l. 11. **frounced**, adorned with fringes.
- P. 58, l. 12. **morsing-horns**, flasks for holding powder.
- P. 58, l. 13. **better knee**, the right knee.
- P. 58, l. 14. **escalade**, an attack with scaling ladders.

P. 58, l. 21. **glaive**, sword.

P. 59, l. 5. **bartizan**, a small overhanging turret near the top of a tower.

P. 59, l. 6. **partisan**, a long staff with pike and axe at the end.

P. 59, l. 7. **Falcon and culver**, kinds of cannon.

P. 59, l. 12. **seething**, boiling.

P. 59, l. 13. **Reek'd**, smoked.

P. 59, l. 13. **cauldron**, a large vessel for boiling liquids.

P. 59, l. 24. **peeled willow wand**, this served the purpose of our flag of truce.

P. 59, l. 26. **gauntlet on a spear**, the emblem of good faith among the borderers. To carry this was to charge the opposing party with a breach of faith.

P. 60, l. 5. **Kendal**, Gilsland, in the English borderland.

P. 60, l. 8. **reads you swith return**, advises you to go back quickly.

P. 60, l. 18. **pursuivant-at-arms**, an attendant on a herald.

P. 60, l. 25. **lion argent**, a white lion was Lord Howard's crest (*cf.* p. 64, l. 12).

P. 61, l. 5. **law-contemning**, scorning or despising the law.

P. 61, l. 8. **flemens-firth**, a place of refuge for outlaws.

P. 61, l. 10. **march-treason**, one form of march-treason was to ride against the opposite country in time of peace.

P. 61, l. 11. **St. Cuthbert's even**, the eve of St. Cuthbert's day.

P. 61, l. 12. **prick'd**, spurred on quickly.

P. 61, l. 14. **dint of glaive**, a blow with a sword.

P. 61, l. 19. **warrison**, battle cry.

P. 61, l. 22. **good King Edward**, Edward VI.

P. 62, l. 3. **emprize**, enterprise.

P. 62, l. 11. **Douglas**, the Earl of Angus, who defeated the English at Ancrum, 1545.

P. 62, l. 22. **lyke-wake**, the watching over a corpse before burial.

P. 62, l. 27. **pennons**, long narrow flags.

P. 62, l. 27. **pensils**, smaller pennons.

P. 63, l. 4. **grey-goose shaft**, an arrow containing goose feathers.

P. 63, l. 13. **weapon-schaw**, a show of weapons; a collection of forces.

P. 63, l. 19. **eagle and the rood**, Lord Maxwell's coat of arms.

P. 63, l. 20. **Jedwood, Eske**, in the western borderland.

P. 63, l. 22. **Merse, Lauderdale**, in the eastern borderland.

P. 64, l. 1. **Judah's sea**, the Dead Sea.

P. 64, l. 5. **harquebuss**, musket.

P. 64, l. 13. **Border flower**, the best of the English border soldiers.

P. 65, l. 24. **Regent**, the Earl of Arran.

P. 65, l. 26. **secret prescience**, a foreknowledge of the events derived from her powers of magic.

- P. 66, l. 13. **jovial Harper**, an old border minstrel.
 P. 66, l. 17. **Black Lord Archibald**. He made a set of rules or laws to govern border warfare.
 P. 66, l. 24. **bard of Reull**, a minstrel killed by the Harper mentioned in line 13 of same page.
 P. 67, l. 4. **Jedwood Air**, assizes held at Jedwood.
 P. 67, l. 27. **minion**, favourite.

CANNO V.

- P. 69, l. 4. **obsequies**, funeral ceremonies.
 P. 69, l. 13. **mortal urn**, the grave of a mortal.
 P. 70, l. 27. **Bloody Heart**, part of the arms of the Douglas family.
 P. 70, l. 30. **Seven Spears**, the seven sons of Sir David Home of Wedderburne.
 P. 71, l. 1. **Swinton**, etc. He unhorsed the Duke of Clarence at the battle of Beaugé, in France.
 P. 71, l. 4. **Nor list I say**, nor do I desire to tell.
 P. 73, l. 1. **whinger**, a weapon which could be used both as a knife and as a dagger.
 P. 73, l. 10. **wassel** or **wassail**, revel.
 P. 73, l. 17. **beaker**, a drinking vessel.
 P. 74, l. 2. **pales**, pointed stakes for building a fence.
 P. 74, l. 29. **Ousenam**, Lord Cranstoun's family residence.
 P. 75, l. 16. **quaint**, strange.
 P. 76, l. 19. **port**, a lively tune.
 P. 76, l. 26. **bandied**, exchanged, tossed backwards and forwards.
 P. 77, l. 1. **to reckon kin and rent**, to decide which was the more important person.
 P. 77, l. 16. **ruff**, a large linen or muslin collar.
 P. 77, l. 17. **doublet**, a short jacket.
 P. 77, l. 17. **buff**, leather prepared from buffalo hide.
 P. 77, l. 18. **slash'd**, cut open to show another material underneath.
 P. 77, l. 22. **Bilboa blade**, a sword made at Bilboa, or Bilbao, on the Bay of Biscay.
 P. 77, l. 28. **foot-cloth**, a long cloth placed over the body of a riding horse and reaching to the ground.
 P. 77, l. 29. **wimple**, a covering fitting over the chin, neck, and sides of the face.
 P. 77, l. 30. **chaplet**, wreath.
 P. 78, l. 13. **rued**, was sorry.
 P. 78, l. 17. **leading staff**. A staff carried by the marshals as a symbol of authority.
 P. 79, l. 2. **despiteous scathe**, malicious injury.
 P. 80, l. 4. **claymore**, a Scottish broadsword
 P. 80, l. 14. **gorget**, a piece of armour to protect the throat.
 P. 80, l. 16. **boodless**, useless, worthless.

P. 80, l. 18. **shriven**, to be shriven is to have confessed sin and obtained pardon for it from the priest.

P. 81, l. 3. **ghostly**, spiritual.

P. 81, l. 10. **beaver**, part of the helmet which could be raised or lowered to show or protect the face.

P. 83, l. 6. **dight**, dressed, arrayed.

P. 83, l. 32. **fleeting wraith**, a spirit passing quickly away.

P. 84, l. 24. **mark**, a coin worth 13s. 4d.

P. 84, l. 33. **Snaffle**, a horse's bridle bit. The borderers kept themselves safe by the help of their horses and spears.

P. 85, l. 1. **to follow gear**, to search for booty.

P. 85, l. 2. **as we look'd behind**, etc. When they were returning with their spoil, Musgrave would follow their tracks with the aid of a bloodhound.

P. 85, l. 16. **sable stole**, long, black robe.

P. 85, l. 19. **trailing pike**. At a funeral, the pikes were trailed with their points downwards.

P. 86, l. 12. **Misprised**, valued lightly.

CANTO VI.

P. 87, l. 8. **minstrel raptures**, noble songs of minstrels in his praise.

P. 87, l. 11. **pelf**, riches, wealth,

P. 87, l. 14. **doubly dying**. Not only will he suffer bodily death, but no one will care to remember him.

P. 87, l. 17. **Caledonia**, name given by the Romans to Scotland.

P. 88, l. 15. **jovial**. Persons born under the influence of the planet Jupiter or Jove were supposed to be of a merry disposition.

P. 88, l. 25. **Me lists not**, etc., it does not please me at this time to relate.

P. 88, l. 29. **owches or ouches**, gems set in gold or silver.

P. 88, l. 31. **miniver**, the fur of the Siberian squirrel.

P. 89, l. 14. **in planetary hour**. Different spells, charms, etc., were only effective when certain planets could be observed.

P. 89, l. 23. **merlin**, a small hawk.

P. 90, l. 3. **capon**, a roasted chicken.

P. 90, l. 3. **heron-shew**, a young heron.

P. 90, l. 5. **garnish'd brave**, decorated bravely, *i.e.*, finely.

P. 90, l. 6. **cygnet**, a young swan.

P. 90, l. 8. **benison**, blessing, grace

P. 90, l. 12. **shalm**, musical instrument like a clarinet.

P. 90, l. 12. **psaltery**, a kind of harp.

P. 90, l. 23. **sewers**, those who served the dishes.

P. 91, l. 10. **bit his glove**. To bite the glove was considered a pledge of mortal renege.

P. 91, l. 14. **lyme-dog**, a dog held by a lyme or leash.

P. 91, l. 18. **Cologne blade.** Conrad, being a German, would probably wear a sword made at Cologne.

P. 91, l. 21. **buttery**, pantry, room for storing food.

P. 91, l. 24. **selle**, seat.

P. 91, l. 26. **Braes**, hill sides.

P. 91, l. 31. **carouse**, a full glass.

P. 92, l. 3. **Buccleuch.** A cleuch is a narrow glen. A king of Scotland, while hunting, pursued a buck to this glen, where it turned at bay. The ancestor of the house of Buccleuch seized the buck by the horns, and, being a man of great strength, carried it on his back to the king. From this fact the family derived its title.

P. 92, l. 20. **bodkin**, a small dagger.

P. 93, l. 2. **the Land Debateable**, a portion of the borderland near the Solway Firth.

P. 93, l. 3. **Well friended.** They had both English and Scotch friends.

P. 93, l. 5. **beeves**, cattle.

P. 93, l. 20. **For ire**, the son was opposed to the marriage.

P. 94, l. 5. **took the cross divine**, became a Crusader.

P. 94, l. 14. **port**, bearing.

P. 94, l. 15. **sonnet, roundelay**, forms of versification of more involved type than Albert's simple ballad.

P. 94, l. 16. **haughty Henry**, Henry VIII.

P. 94, l. 19. **gentle Surrey**, Howard, Earl of Surrey, a poet, beheaded by Henry VIII. Cf. p. 95, l. 10.

P. 95, l. 22. **Cornelius**, a famous German magician.

P. 95, l. 25. **hight**, promised.

P. 96, l. 6. **character**, letter, symbol or other magical inscription.

P. 96, l. 6. **talisman**, a figure cut on stone and supposed to possess magical powers.

P. 96, l. 7. **almagest**, a book on astronomy written about 140 A.D.

P. 96, l. 9. **departing man**, a dying man.

P. 96, l. 17. **Agra's silken loom**, silk woven at Agra in India. Cf. l. 20.

P. 96, l. 24. **tablet eburnine**, a tablet made of ivory.

P. 97, l. 3. **ruthless**, pitiless. The reference is to Henry VIII.

P. 97, l. 17. **Orcades**, the Orkney Islands.

P. 97, l. 22. **Pentland**, Pentland Firth.

P. 97, l. 23. **Odin**, the chief god of the Norsemen.

P. 97, l. 31. **Lochlin**, Scandinavia, the home of the Norsemen.

P. 98, l. 2. **raven's food**, those slain in battle.

P. 98, l. 3. **main**, ocean.

P. 98, l. 6. **Scald**, poet.

P. 98, l. 7. **Runic.** The characters of the old Norse alphabet were called runes.

P. 98, l. 10. **Sagas**, tales of old Norse heroes.

P. 98, l. 13. **dread Maids.** In the Norse mythology the Valkyries were maidens who came to choose those who should die in battle.

P. 99, l. 6. **inch,** island.

P. 99, l. 17. **the ring they ride.** To take off a ring from a crossbar with the lance was a favourite sport of the Middle Ages.

P. 100, l. 2. **panoply,** full armour.

P. 100, l. 4. **sacristy,** the part of a church in which the robes and books are kept.

P. 100, l. 7. **pinnet,** pinnacle.

P. 101, l. 14. **levin-brand,** lightning flash.

P. 101, l. 27. **Gylbin,** the dwarf's name was Gylbin or Gilpin Horner.

P. 102, l. 9. **spectre-hound,** an apparition in the form of a dog which appeared in the Isle of Man.

P. 102, l. 31. **Holy Rood,** Holy Cross.

P. 103, l. 21. **uneath,** with difficulty.

P. 104, l. 6. **cowl,** a monk's hood.

P. 104, l. 6. **scapular,** a part of a monk's dress; worn over the shoulder.

P. 104, l. 14. **mitred,** wearing a mitre or bishop's cap.

P. 104, l. 23. **office,** a church service for use on a special occasion.

P. 104, l. 27. **Dies iræ,** a paraphrase of this old Latin Hymn for the Dead is given on p. 105, ll. 1-12.

P. 105, l. 8. **high trump,** the sound of the trumpet.

P. 105, l. 15. **indigence,** poverty.

P. 105, l. 27. **Bowhill, Harehead-shaw, Carterhaugh,** are all near Newark Castle, the residence of the Duchess.

P. 106, l. 5. **achievements high,** noble deeds.

P. 106, l. 6. **circumstance of chivalry,** the accompaniments of chivalry, *e.g.*, tournaments, dresses, armour. etc.

QUESTIONS.

CANTOS I. TO III.

1. Give an account of the visit of the minstrel to Newark Castle and his reception there.
2. Describe William of Deloraine's ride to Melrose Abbey, and narrate the events which happened during his visit.
3. Quote passages from the *Lay* describing the following:—
 - (a) A moss-trooper.
 - (b) Branksome Hall in time of peace.
 - (c) The appearance of Melrose Abbey by moonlight.
 - (d) An English archer.
4. What information can be gathered from the poem about the life of Michael Scott the wizard?
5. Narrate the events at Branksome Hall which followed the appearance of the beacon light.
6. Describe the incidents with which the following passages are connected:—
 - (a) "And if I live to be a man
My father's death revenged shall be!"
 - (b) "Penance, father, will I none;
Prayer know I hardly one."
 - (c) "Till pride be quell'd, and love be free."
 - (d) "It was a night of woe and dread,
When Michael in the tomb I laid!"
 - (e) "Lost! lost! lost!"
 - (f) "Full long she toiled; for she did rue
Mishap to friend so stout and true."
7. Explain the meaning of the following: *My neck-verse at Hairibee*; *slogan*; *seaur*; *Border-foray*; *Velez' scorched vine*; *the Crescent and the Star*; *gramarye*; *black mail*; *the Unicorn's pride*; *Notre Dame*.

CANTOS IV. TO VI.

1. How did the Scotts gain the title of Buccleuch? Under what circumstances did they become the possessors of Eskdale?
2. Describe the approach of the English soldiers to Branksome Castle.

3. Quote passages from the *Lay* describing the following:—
 - (a) The German mercenaries.
 - (b) The games played by the English and Scottish soldiers.
 - (c) The preparations for the combat between Deloraine's champion and Musgrave.
 - (d) The pilgrimage of the chiefs to Melrose.
4. Give an account of the festivities attending the betrothal of Margaret and Cranstoun.
5. Write a description of the contest between Musgrave and Cranstoun.
6. How did the Goblin Page act during the feast? Describe the manner of his final disappearance.
7. Give the meaning of the following: *St. Barnabright*; *haugh*; *Almagn*; *peeled willow wand*; *gauntlet on a spear*; *weapon-schaw*; *wimple*; *owches*; *Buccleuch*; *sagas*.
8. Describe the incidents with which the following passages are connected:—
 - (a) "Enough—he died with conquering Græme."
 - (b) "If my horn I three times wind,
Eskdale shall long have the sound in mind."
 - (c) "Hence! ere the clan his faintness view;
Hence with the weakling to Buccleuch!"
 - (d) "But angry Dacre rather chose
In his pavilion to repose."
 - (e) "Hence, in rude phrase, the Borderers still
Call noble Howard, Belted Will."
 - (f) "For this fair prize I've fought and won."
 - (g) "Since old Buccleuch the name did gain,
When in the cleuch the buck was ta'en."
 - (h) "'Twas All-souls' eve, and Surrey's heart beat high."

GENERAL QUESTIONS.

1. What have you gathered from *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* as to the history and feelings of the Minstrel himself? Illustrate your answer by reference to, or quotations from, the poem.
(King's Scholarship, 1904.)
2. Give from the *Lay*, by actual quotation or otherwise, instances of Scott's love of his native land.
3. What ballads has Scott incorporated in the *Lay*? By whom were they respectively sung? Compare and contrast them with respect to (a) metre, (b) style and subject matter.
4. What is the importance of the Goblin-Page in the story? What part does magic play?

5. What have you learned from the poem about the following?—

- (a) The life of a moss-trooper.
- (b) The constitution of an English army in the days of Edward VI.
- (c) A trial by combat.
- (d) Life in a Border castle in the days of Edward VI.

6. What is known from the poem of the life of the following?—

Watt Tinlinn, the Ladye of Branksome, Lord Howard, Margaret, William of Deloraine, Michael Scott?

7. Indicate briefly the incidents to which three of the following refer.

(N.B. You are *not* required to write notes on the language of the passages themselves):—

- (a) "With beating heart to the task he went;
His sinewy frame o'er the grave-stone bent;
With bar of iron heaved amain,
Till the toil-drops fell from his brows like rain."
- (b) "He had not read another spell,
When on his cheek a buffet fell,
So fierce, it stretch'd him on the plain,
Beside the wounded Deloraine."
- (c) "When lo! strange cries of wild surprise,
Mingled with seeming terror, rise
Among the Scottish bands;
And all, amid the throng'd array
In panic haste give open way
To a half-naked ghastly man,
Who downward from the castle ran."
- (d) "Then wrathful was the noble Dame;
She blush'd blood-red for very shame:—
'Hence! ere the clan his faintness view:
Hence with the weakling to Buccleuch!'"

(King's Scholarship, 1904).

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